

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 4262—VOL. CLVII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1920.

ONE SHILLING.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



“A FRIEND TO ALL, AND A SISTER TO EVERY OTHER GUIDE”: PRINCESS MARY IN HER UNIFORM
AS PRESIDENT OF THE GIRL GUIDES.

Princess Mary was elected President of the Girl Guides last March. She has always taken a great interest in them, and especially in the Sandringham company. In January 1920 she reviewed the Norfolk Girl Guides, who number 5000, at Norwich, and presented the “Nurse Cavell” badge to Mrs. Gillett, Captain of the 1st Brooke

Company, for life-saving. One of the Association’s mottoes is: “A Guide is a friend to all, and a sister to every other Guide.” There are over 231,000 Girl Guides, and the movement is spreading in the Dominions. The Chief Guide is Lady Baden-Powell, wife of the Chief Scout.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK, LTD.

BLACK-HAIRED CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC: "LITTLE FROSTY ESKIMO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD B. MACMILLAN, OF THE MACMILLAN ARCTIC ASSOCIATION.



NOT "FROSTY" ALL THE YEAR ROUND: ESKIMO CHILDREN NAKED IN THE HOT SUN, 12 DEG. FROM THE NORTH POLE!



GREENLAND'S MOUNTAINS NOT ALWAYS "ICY:" A LITTLE ESKIMO GIRL GATHERING FLOWERS AT ETAH.



WITH HER PET PUPPY: SHOO-E-GING-WA, A LITTLE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD ESKIMO GIRL, OF ETAH.

A HAPPY picture of the Eskimo is given by Mr. D. B. MacMillan in his recollections of Peary's journey to the North Pole. "Finally that day arrived when we passed in under the big hills of Meteorite Island and heard the glad cry of those Far North natives upon beholding 'Peary-ark-suah' (Big Peary) back again. Let there be no doubt as to Peary's popularity in the Far North. Absolutely honest and square in all his dealings with these black-haired children of the Arctic, firm but ever just and kind in all his relations, he remains to them as the great 'Nalegak,' a leader or chief among men. We can never forget this reception at Cape York—kayaks darting about the ship, the shouts of his former dog-drivers, men who had starved with him on the Polar Sea, others on the shore standing at the water's edge ready to grasp the bow of our boat, women laughing, babies crying, and half-grown children with that look of mingled fear and animal curiosity. How happy they were to see him back!"



ESKIMO FASHIONS IN BLUE-FOX FUR: AL-NING-WA, AGED 22, A DOG-DRIVER'S WIFE.



THE MOUTH AND TEETH AS LEATHER-SOFTENERS: ESKIMO WOMEN CHEWING SEALSKIN FOR MAKING MITTENS (L.) AND A BOOT SOLE (R.).



CUTTING OFF A MOUTHFUL AT THE MOUTH: SMITH SOUND NATIVE TABLE MANNERS.

Mr. D. B. MacMillan, whose Arctic journeys we mention later, writes of the above photographs (left to right from the top): "Summer pictures of flowers in North Greenland, and even Eskimo children naked in the hot sun, are a big surprise to everyone.—Shoo-e-ging-wa is a little Eskimo girl, aged seven, of Etah, in Greenland. The Eskimo puppy-dogs are the common playthings of the Smith Sound children.—Al-ning-wa, aged 22, is the wife of Arklio, a dog-driver of the MacMillan Expedition. She is dressed in blue-fox skins. When this photo-

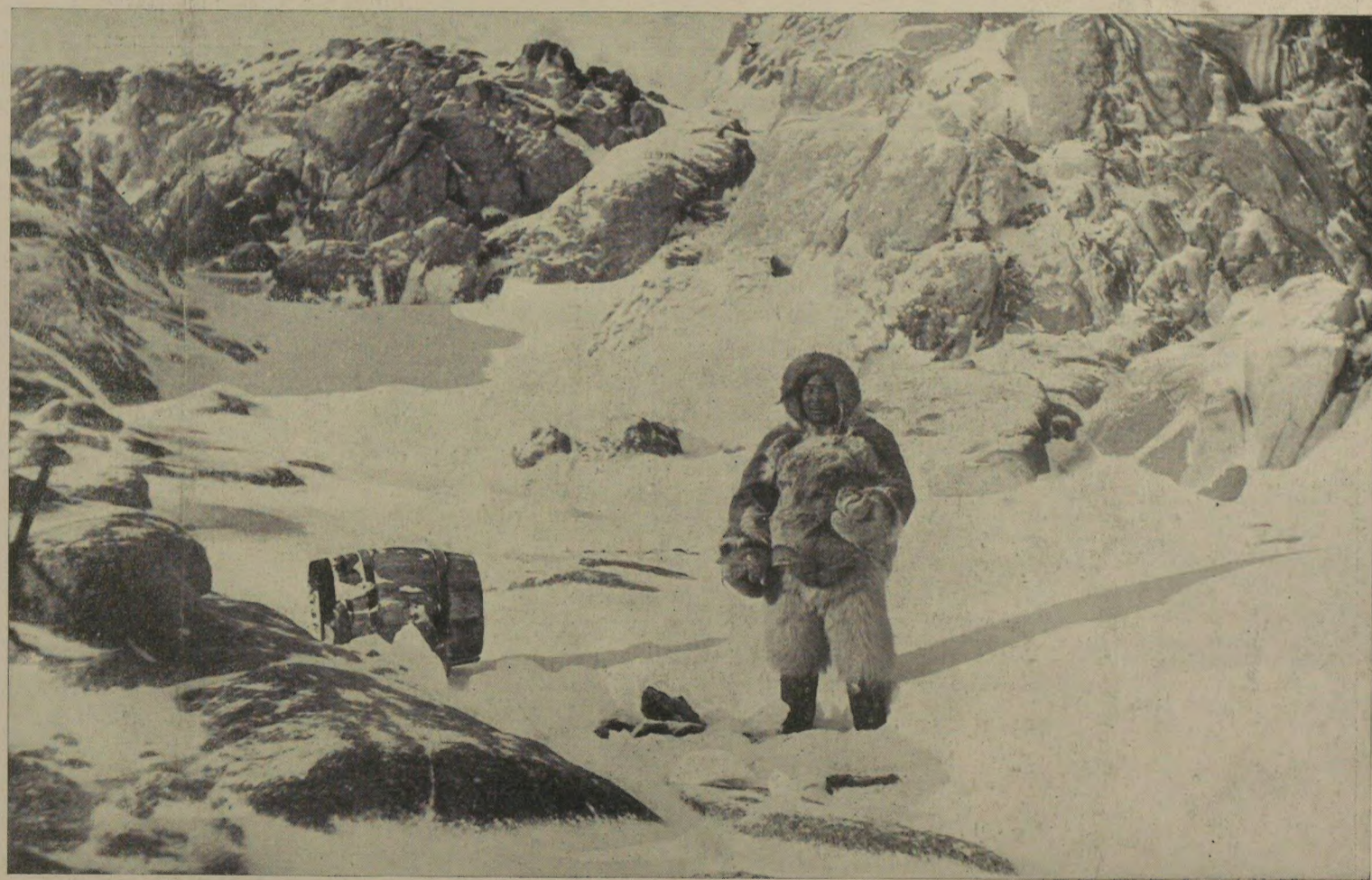
graph was taken she was the most northern young lady in the world.—Eskimo women at Etah. The one on the left is chewing seal skin, out of which she will make a pair of mittens. The one on the right is chewing a boot sole, that she may pass the needle through more readily and make it more comfortable to the foot.—Ak-kom-mo-ding-wa is seen eating meat in the usual manner of the Smith Sound native. There are no plates and no forks; consequently the meat is grasped in the hand, shoved into the mouth, and cut off at the lips."

ROMANCE OF THE ARCTIC: A "LOST" ISLAND; "DELAYED IN THE POST."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD B. MACMILLAN, OF THE MACMILLAN ARCTIC ASSOCIATION.



"DISCOVERED BY BAFFIN IN 1616, BUT REMOVED FROM THE MAP FOR 200 YEARS BECAUSE GEOGRAPHERS DISTRUSTED HIS WORD":
THE SOUTH SHORE OF HAKLUYT ISLAND, WITH NORTHUMBERLAND ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.



LETTERS THAT TOOK 42 YEARS IN DELIVERY: AN ESKIMO FINDING AT CAPE ISABELLA, IN 1917, MAILS LEFT BY SIR ALLEN YOUNG
FOR THE BRITISH NORTH POLE EXPEDITION OF 1875-76 UNDER SIR GEORGE NARES.

The Polar regions, which to our eyes to-day wear an appropriate Christmassy aspect, possess a romance of their own—the romance of perilous adventure and strange ways of life. The photographs on this and the other pages were taken by Mr. Donald B. MacMillan, a distinguished explorer who accompanied Peary on his last triumphant expedition to the North Pole, where Peary planted the Stars and Stripes on April 6, 1909. Mr. Macmillan conducted an Arctic expedition of his own in 1913-17, and this last autumn returned from another trip to the Far North. He contributed to the American "National Geographic Magazine" for last April a fascinating account of his experiences with Peary. The article is also

a whole-hearted eulogy of his great leader's character, and finally refutes the calumnies suggesting that he was unpopular with his men or unkind to the Eskimos. Of the upper photograph Mr. MacMillan writes: "The southern shore of Hakluyt Island was discovered by Baffin in 1616, but was removed from the map for 200 years because geographers distrusted his word." The lower photograph shows "E-Tooka-Shoo (an Eskimo) finding, at Cape Isabella, in April 1917, the mail left by Sir Allen Young, of the 'Pandora,' for the British North Pole Expedition of 1875-6. The packet contained two letters for Captain Nares, of the "Alert," and one letter for Captain Stephenson, of the 'Discovery.'"

THE ROMANCE OF THE ARCTIC: BIG GAME; A "WINDOW" OF WALRUS-GUT; "EIGHT" MIDNIGHT SUNS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD B. MACMILLAN

THE MACMILLAN ARCTIC ASSOCIATION.



THE "TIGER OF THE NORTH" LESS DANGEROUS THAN WALRUS: A POLAR BEAR HELD AT BAY BY DOGS TILL THEIR MASTERS ARRIVE.



WILD CATTLE THAT PRACTISE MILITARY FORMATION: A "SQUARE" OF MUSK OXEN, WITH THEIR BULL LEADER IN FRONT READY TO CHARGE, ON THE FORSHEIM PENINSULA.



WHY MAN TOOK 300 YEARS TO REACH THE NORTH POLE: TYPICAL "GOING"—MR. MACMILLAN AND HIS PARTY ON ROUGH ICE IN THE POLAR SEA.



WITH A "WINDOW" MADE OF SEAL OR WALRUS INTESTINES. TRANSLUCENT, BUT NOT TRANSPARENT: A SMITH SOUND ESKIMO'S ROCK IGLOO AT ETAH, GREENLAND.



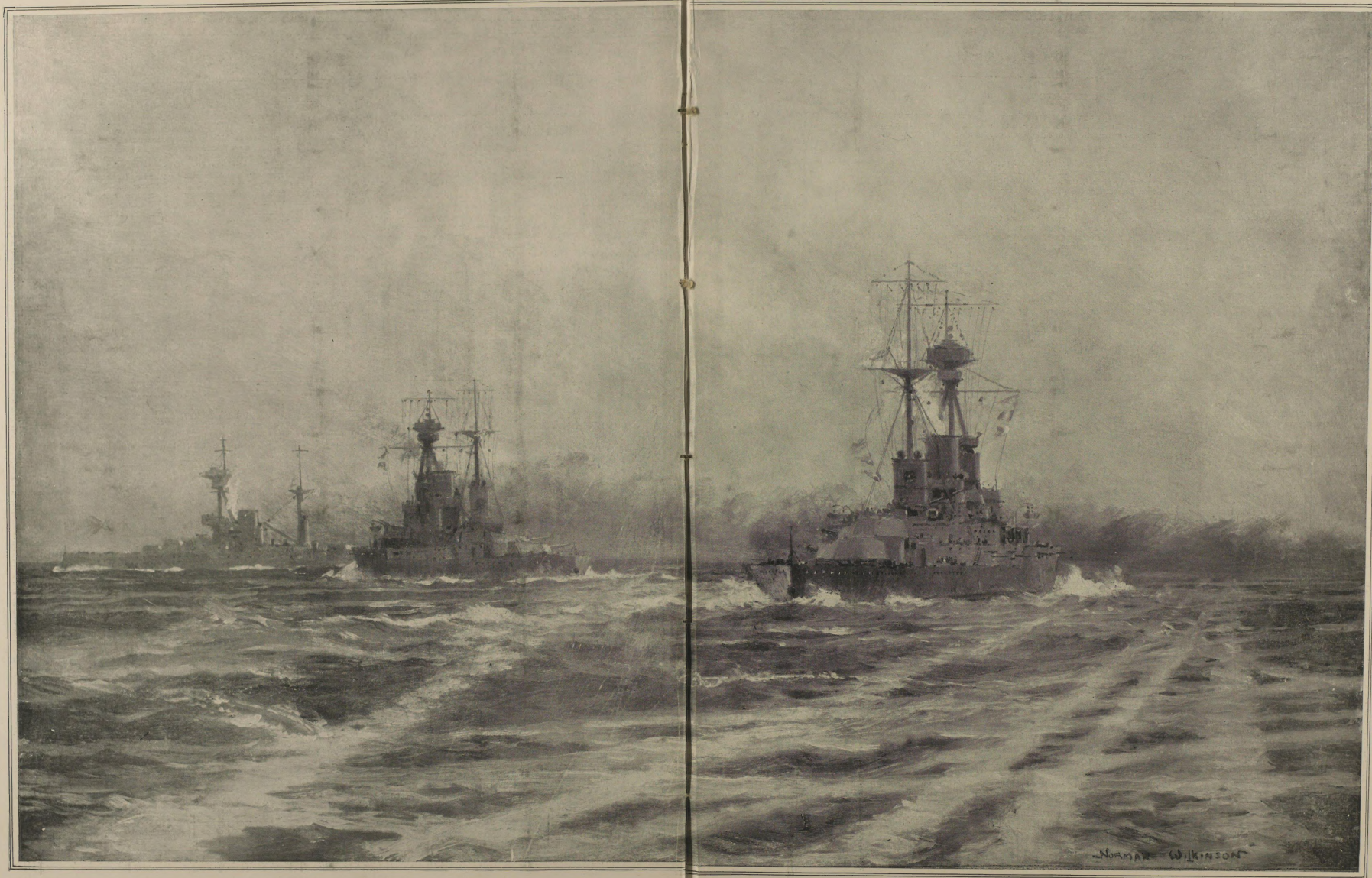
EIGHT IN A ROW! A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECT OBTAINED BY A SERIES OF EXPOSURES OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN, FROM 11 P.M. TO 1.20 A.M.

Mr. Donald B. Macmillan, whose Arctic achievements are mentioned on a preceding page, makes the following notes on his photographs here reproduced: "The polar bear has been called 'the tiger of the North,' but, according to Peary, a contest between one or two, or even three, of these animals and a man armed with a Winchester repeating rifle is an entirely one-sided affair. On the contrary, a contest with a herd of walrus—the lions of the North—in a small whale-boat, will give more thrills to the minute than anything else within the Arctic Circle.—A single musk-ox when pursued by dogs will make for the nearest cliff and get his back against it, but a herd will round up in the middle of a plain, with tails together and horns towards the enemy. Then the bull leader will take his place outside the round-up and charge the dogs. When the

leader is shot another takes his place.—Rough ice in the Polar Basin about one hundred miles due N.W. of Axel Heiberg Land: an answer to the question why it has taken man more than three hundred years to reach farthest North.—The winter home of the Smith Sound native: the rock igloo. The sides are banked with sod, the roof is covered with grass and the summer tent, and lastly with snow, making a very comfortable habitation. Access is gained by a tunnel, some 12 ft. long, which leads to a hole in the floor. The window, which has the appearance of a large striped flag hung against the rocks, is made of the intestines of the seal or walrus. It is translucent, not transparent.—Eight midnight suns. I photographed the sun every twenty minutes, beginning at 11 p.m., and finishing at 1.20 a.m."

LEARNING THE LESSONS OF JUTLAND: BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS PRACTISING THE ART OF AVOIDING TORPEDOES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY
NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I.



IN A NETWORK OF TORPEDO-TRACKS: BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" CLASS UNDER MASSED DESTROYER ATTACK MASKED BY A SMOKE-SCREEN.

BATTLE-PRACTICE.

Our illustration has a close bearing on the recently published official papers about the Battle of Jutland, and on the controversy regarding the future of the Navy and the possible discontinuance of the capital ship. Admiral Jellicoe says in his despatch dated "Iron Duke," June 18, 1916, eighteen days after the battle: "The torpedo attacks launched by the enemy were countered in the manner previously intended and practised during exercises. . . . One of the features of the action was the large number of torpedoes that crossed our line without taking effect on any ship, except the 'Marlborough.' Sir Cecil Burney estimates that at least 21 torpedoes were seen to cross the line of his squadron. All were avoided by skilful handling, except that single one, and it is notable that the 'Marlborough' herself evaded seven. Similarly, the Fifth Battle Squadron, in rear of the First Battle Squadron, avoided a considerable number, and other squadrons had similar experiences. It is of supreme importance to keep from the

knowledge of the enemy the fact that ships were able to avoid torpedoes by seeing the track, as it would not be beyond the ingenuity of the Germans to devise a means of preventing any track being left." Tracks on the surface of the water are seen in the illustration, crossing each other, as the torpedoes came from different directions. The scene represented is taking place during recent battle practice. In a note on his work, Mr. Norman Wilkinson says: "The drawing shows a massed attack by two divisions of destroyers on a division of battle-ships of the 'Royal Sovereign' class. Each battle-ship is acting independently to avoid the torpedoes. The attack is made at a minimum range of 10,000 yards, the torpedoes being fired in a fan shape by each division while on different courses and in quick succession. The smoke-screen is made by one division to mask the other division at the time of firing. In the foreground are torpedoes that have broken surface, having finished their run."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THIS is written amid fields of snow within a few days of Christmas. And when last I saw snow it was within a few miles of Bethlehem. The coincidence will serve as a symbol of something I have noticed all my life, though it is not very easy to sum up. It is generally the romantic thing that turns out to be the real thing, under the extreme test of realism. It is the sceptical and even the rational legend that turns out to be entirely legendary. Everything I had been taught or told led me to regard snow in Bethlehem as a paradox, like snow in Egypt. Every rumour of realism, every indirect form of rationalism, every scientific opinion taken on authority and at third hand, had led me to regard the country where Christ was born solely as a sort of semi-tropical place, with nothing but palm-trees and parasols. It was only when I actually looked at it that it looked exactly like a Christmas card. It was only by the sight of my bodily eyes, and against all my mental training, that I realised how true is the tradition handed down in a Christmas carol. The birth and death of Christ, the whole early Christian drama, did not take place on a flat stage called the desert, covered with sand like a circus, and decorated with a few pantomime palm-trees. To begin with, the desert is not flat; and to go on with, the Palestinian hills are not the desert. It might well have been far more like the traditional Christmas scene than any of the learned reconstructions that conceive it as a conventional Oriental scene. The whole background was so mountainous as to be in many ways northern. The shepherds were shepherds of the hills, as certainly as if they had fed their flocks on the Grampian hills, like the father of Norval. In truth, Palestine is really a strange and symbolic country; and in nothing more than its series of levels and climates. It is not so much a land as a ladder. Degrees of altitude take the place of degrees of latitude. The Jordan Valley really has the atmosphere of those tropics which seem like the suburbs of hell. But the holy mountain of Jerusalem has really an air of something lifted nearer to heaven. It has the clearness and coldness, not of being nearer to the poles, but of being nearer to the stars.

Now this nameless northern element in the first landscapes of Christianity has had a certain effect on our own history. As the great creed and philosophy which united our fathers swept westward over the world, it found its different parts peculiarly fitted to different places. The men of the Mediterranean had, perhaps, a more intimate sense of the meaning of its imagery of the vine. But it succeeded in making its own imagery equally out of the northern holly, and even the heathen mistletoe. And while the Latins more especially preserved the legends about the soldiers, we in the north felt a special link with the legend of the shepherds. We concentrated on Christmas, on the element of winter and the wild hills in the old Christian story. Thus Christmas is, in a special sense, at once European and English. It

is European because it appeals to the religion of Europe. It is English because it specialises in those religious customs that can make even our own landscape a holy land.

The tragedy of England is that she has in these things been growing less English. This would be painfully plain if we could discuss these matters in a detached and dispassionate manner, like an abstract question of art. A recognisable and recognised national character in literature and manners appears long before the end of the Middle Ages. Anybody who recognises that Dickens is English, as compared with Balzac, can also recognise that Chaucer is English, as compared with Boccaccio. As to the moment when that national soul was most supreme and secure of itself, there might be differences of opinion. But no serious observer can doubt that it has since lost its security. The fads that so easily become fashions in our own time would be choked with laughter in their very birth, if that

universal vegetarianism. If he had survived to see the proposals which some scientific idealists are already drawing up on paper, it may be that his feelings would have been beyond even his own powers of expression. It may be that the modern world has outstripped satire. I doubt whether even Dickens could have made it funnier than it is.

But the point for the moment is that all this nonsense is in a special sense the loss of a national spirit. Though this progress has largely been peculiar to England, it is none the less a progress away from England. The national movement has been away from the national idea. It will be noted that nearly all the greatest Englishmen, especially the most English Englishmen, were more or less conscious of this. The other great figures between Chaucer and Dickens are nearly all figures with their faces turned to the past. It is what makes men call Shakespeare monarchical and mediæval; it is what made Johnson a Tory; it is what made Cobbett so singularly reactionary a Radical. Even the exceptions have exceptional moments when they are conscious of it: a Puritan like Milton in the rustic reminiscences of "L'Allegro"; a Whig like Addison in the Christmas ceremonies of Sir Roger de Coverley. Those Christmas ceremonies, coming down from a time when Chaucer and his Franklin could enjoy them, have nevertheless suffered all sorts of damage from new and less liberal philosophies. They were attacked by the Puritans on the theological, by the Utilitarians on economic, and now by the new Sociologists on hygienic grounds. The new Scrooge wishes to give everyone else gruel.



UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MEN DEMONSTRATE IN BERLIN: A MOCK FUNERAL OF GERMAN OFFICIALDOM.

Thousands of unemployed German ex-Service men, formerly municipal clerks and so on, recently paraded Berlin, clamouring for work and a reduction in the cost of living. They held a mock funeral of the municipality. The inscription over the coffin reads: "Here German officialdom bears its last hope to the grave." That on the pictorial placard beyond is: "Herr Minister! Our pockets are empty: we have no money."—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

spirit were present in its ancient strength. We recognise an Englishman in Chaucer's Franklin, in whose house "it snowed meat and drink." But he would not recognise an England in which anybody could suggest that it should snow nut cutlets and temperance beverages. He would think he was in a foreign country, not to say another planet.

When we step across the centuries from Chaucer to Dickens, we find the same identical snowstorm raging in the Christmas household of Mr. Wardle at Dingley Dell. And we recognise, in exactly the same way, and neither more nor less, that Mr. Wardle is an Englishman. But though Wardle feels equally secure, Dickens does not feel equally secure. Though the Squire is as comfortable as the Franklin, the modern novelist is not so comfortable as the mediæval poet. Dickens is already on the defensive; for he has something to defend. Dickens is not only potentially but positively scornful; for he has something to scorn. The unnatural notions have already begun to eat away the national tradition. The temperance drinks have already appeared, though the nut cutlets are not yet. Dickens lived to see people proposing to enforce universal teetotalism, though he did not live, as we or our children may live, to see them bent on enforcing

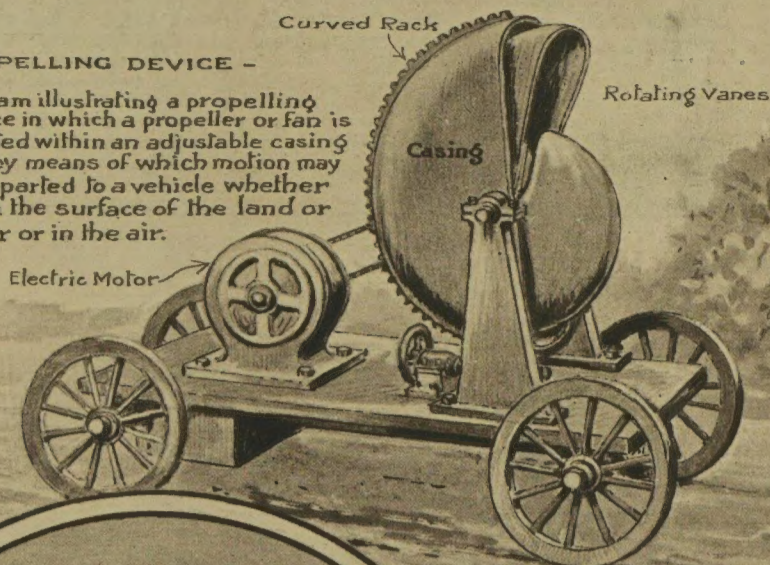
A nation may exaggerate itself or fall short of itself; but a nation must not contradict itself. We should all feel it if the French were to lose all concern about logic; but there is a real danger of the English losing all concern about liberty. There is a real danger that the broad farce and broad freedom which we feel in Chaucer or Dickens will actually be less apparent among us than among foreign peoples which have always had more officialism in their law and more classicism in their literature. The farce is already being thinned by a sort of tenth-rate idealism bearing the detestable American name of "uplift." The freedom is already being lost in a network of police prohibition. Between the Yankee ideality and the Prussian efficiency the English liberty may well be entirely lost. I should not write this if I did not think that it may also be saved. But I could not write it without recording my own conviction that there is only one way of saving it. We have lost our national instincts because we have lost the idea of that Christendom from which the nations came. In freeing ourselves from Christianity, we have only freed ourselves from freedom. We shall not now return to a merely heathen hilarity, for the new heathenism is anything but hilarious. If we do not recover Christmas, we shall never recover Yule.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. P. ROBINSON.

PROPELLING DEVICE —

Diagram illustrating a propelling device in which a propeller or fan is located within an adjustable casing and by means of which motion may be imparted to a vehicle whether upon the surface of the land or water or in the air.



The Firing Mechanism (operated from the mouth) comprises a firing-pin, a pivoted hammer, a sear, and a pneumatic bulb connected to a blow-tube.

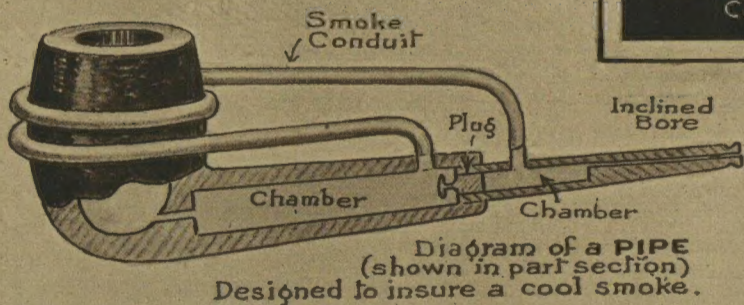
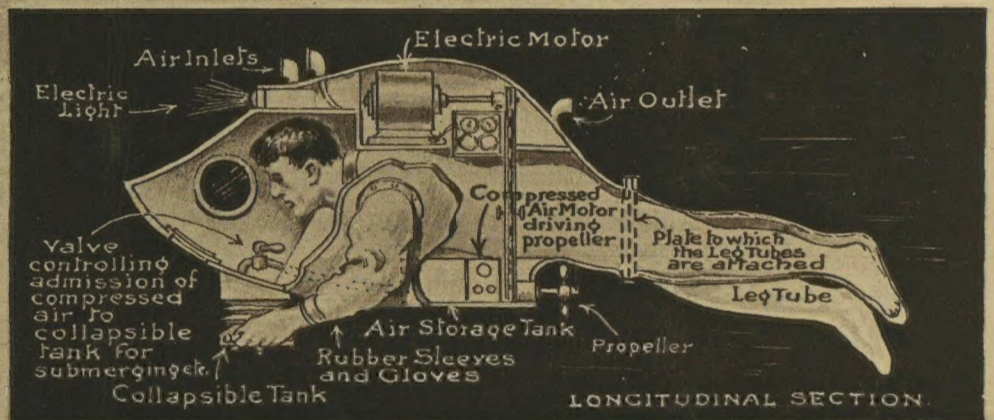


BY MEANS OF SHOULDER STRAPS THE ENTIRE BE READILY CARRIED WHEN

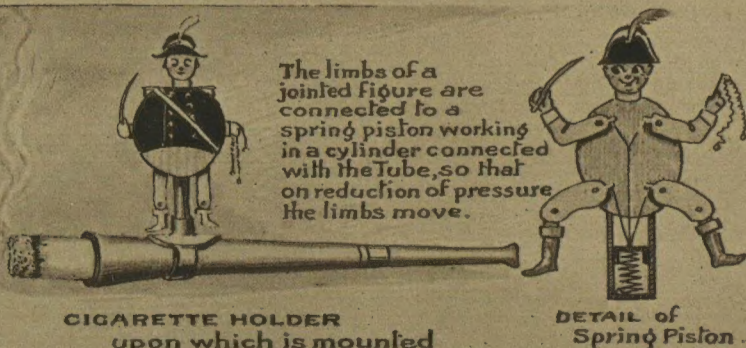


APPARATUS MAY SUPPORTED AND BY THE OCCUPANT WALKING.

A MARINE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS WHICH IS ALSO SUBMERSIBLE.



The limbs of a jointed figure are connected to a spring piston working in a cylinder connected with the Tube, so that on reduction of pressure the limbs move.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES I.—A PROPELLER DEVICE; A HELMET-GUN; A SUBMERSIBLE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS; A COOL PIPE; A MIRTH-PROVOKING CIGARETTE-HOLDER; AN "UMBRELLA" HAT.

If necessity is the mother of invention, the Patent Office might be described as its foster-mother. It possesses specifications of many curious patented devices—curious because they are as yet unfamiliar, but not on that account, of course, impracticable. There are many mechanical devices which looked equally strange when they first came into common use: for example, the umbrella, for which the overhead cape here illustrated is intended as a simpler and more convenient substitute; or the ordinary diving-suit, which does not lend itself to surface

movement, as is claimed for the light and submersible life-saving apparatus above shown, fitted with its own electric motive power. The propeller device suggests peculiar lines for motor-cars built on that principle. The helmet, with a gun on top worked by the mouth, might disconcert an assailant who ordered "Hands up!" Again, a really cool-smoking pipe and a mirth-provoking cigarette-holder are both articles that would be popular if found efficient. This page is the first of a series. Others will follow.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Our Friends in France: A Letter from an Englishwoman in Paris.

WALKING down the Champs Elysées a few days ago, I suddenly became aware of a series of lorries proceeding along the side of the road reserved for slow-moving traffic; they were so heavily laden with curious-looking crates and queer-shaped parcels that they attracted the attention of passers-by, who stared at them with half-amused expressions. It was not, however, until the last of the procession passed that we knew what it all meant, for the driver who brought

"villagers" enacted before our eyes by clockwork figures of an amazing realism; in another window we find a ball in progress, with ladies in gorgeous Court dresses of the period of Louis XV., dancing the stately minuet; and yet another window full of trains, which always make an irresistible appeal to small boys all the world over: trains running in and out of tunnels, crossing bridges and pulling up at miniature stations, to the vociferous delight of the young onlookers.

"make believe" to any other, and are supremely happy playing "trains" with the nursery chairs, or making imaginary sand-castles in the middle of the drawing-room floor, with a spade and bucket as simple aids to the imagination.

I am always rather sorry for French children at Christmas time, for they do not know the delights of a Christmas-tree as English children do, nor do they have that wonderful thrill of finding a well-filled stocking, bulging with interesting shapes, reposing at the foot of the bed as a proof that Father Christmas has passed their way. Our little French friends have to content themselves with placing their slippers near the chimney on Christmas Eve in the hope that St. Nicholas will not entirely forget them. New Year's Day becomes the great festival of the year, and the children share with the "grown-ups" the indigestible fare and the variety of wines which are essential parts of the celebration. A visit to the grandparents is substituted for the visit to the pantomime, which is a form of entertainment practically non-existent this side of the Channel, and at the end of a long and tiring day the little person tumbles exhausted into bed.

Christmas gives one a terrible longing to be at home with one's own people. I have spent Christmas in many climes—in India, where one partook of the time-honoured fare of plum-pudding and roast beef sheltered from a tropical sun by a double tent, and with punkas cooling the air; on board ship in mid-ocean, with the unusual neighbourhood of icebergs to keep us company; at "the back of the Front," as someone called the British Bases in France during the war; but this year I am destined to spend the festive season amid the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, and thus add a new experience to my collection. From an artistic point of view the setting will be excellent; but a horrible doubt assails me—will there be a real Christmas-tree? If not, I confess I shall be disappointed, for at heart are we not all little children?



SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW ROYAL GOVERNOR-GENERAL ARRIVES AT PRETORIA: PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT A RECEPTION IN BURCHER PARK.

Photograph by Barnett (Pretoria).

up the rear called out in a cheery voice that they were Christmas toys for the children in the devastated area. These, then, were the toys for which a great Paris newspaper had been appealing for some weeks past, an appeal which met with an overwhelming response, as was amply proved by the lorries with their happy burdens. Toys were asked for, but there were many who sent money instead, which did a double service, for it not only gave employment to crippled soldiers engaged in making the Columbines and Polichinelles so dear to the French child's heart, but ensured the happiness of the little ones in that tragic corner of France.

One day there climbed up the rickety stairs to one of these happy workrooms temporarily transformed into a toy factory, a little old lady heavily laden with two big boxes. "I have no money to give you," she said to the manager, who received her politely, "but I bring you my son's soldiers. He died for his country at eighteen, and he loved his little soldiers; he would have wished me to give them," and with that she turned away and wept. It is a great and loving work, this collection of toys and playthings for the little ones whose homes have been destroyed by a cruel war, innocent victims of the great struggle for right, many of them bereft of all that makes life happy.

For their more fortunate brothers and sisters, the big shops in Paris are filled with all the wonders of toyland; for days past there have been crowds of eager-faced children, with sparkling eyes, full of wonder and amazement, gathered on the pavement outside the windows of the Louvre and the Printemps, whose special toy displays have proved the perfection to which clockwork toys have attained. Here is a whole village scene, with the life of the

One often wonders who buys these marvellous toys at fabulous prices; not many parents in these days, one would imagine, could afford such playthings for their children. But do the children really want them, I wonder? Have not the modern toys become almost too intricate for the average child, who, if the truth were told, finds much more real happiness in playing with an old broken doll than with the most elaborate toy yet invented. The fact is, I believe, that all children with any imagination at all—and the modern child has a great deal—prefer the game of

in mid-ocean, with the unusual neighbourhood of icebergs to keep us company; at "the back of the Front," as someone called the British Bases in France during the war; but this year I am destined to spend the festive season amid the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, and thus add a new experience to my collection. From an artistic point of view the setting will be excellent; but a horrible doubt assails me—will there be a real Christmas-tree? If not, I confess I shall be disappointed, for at heart are we not all little children?



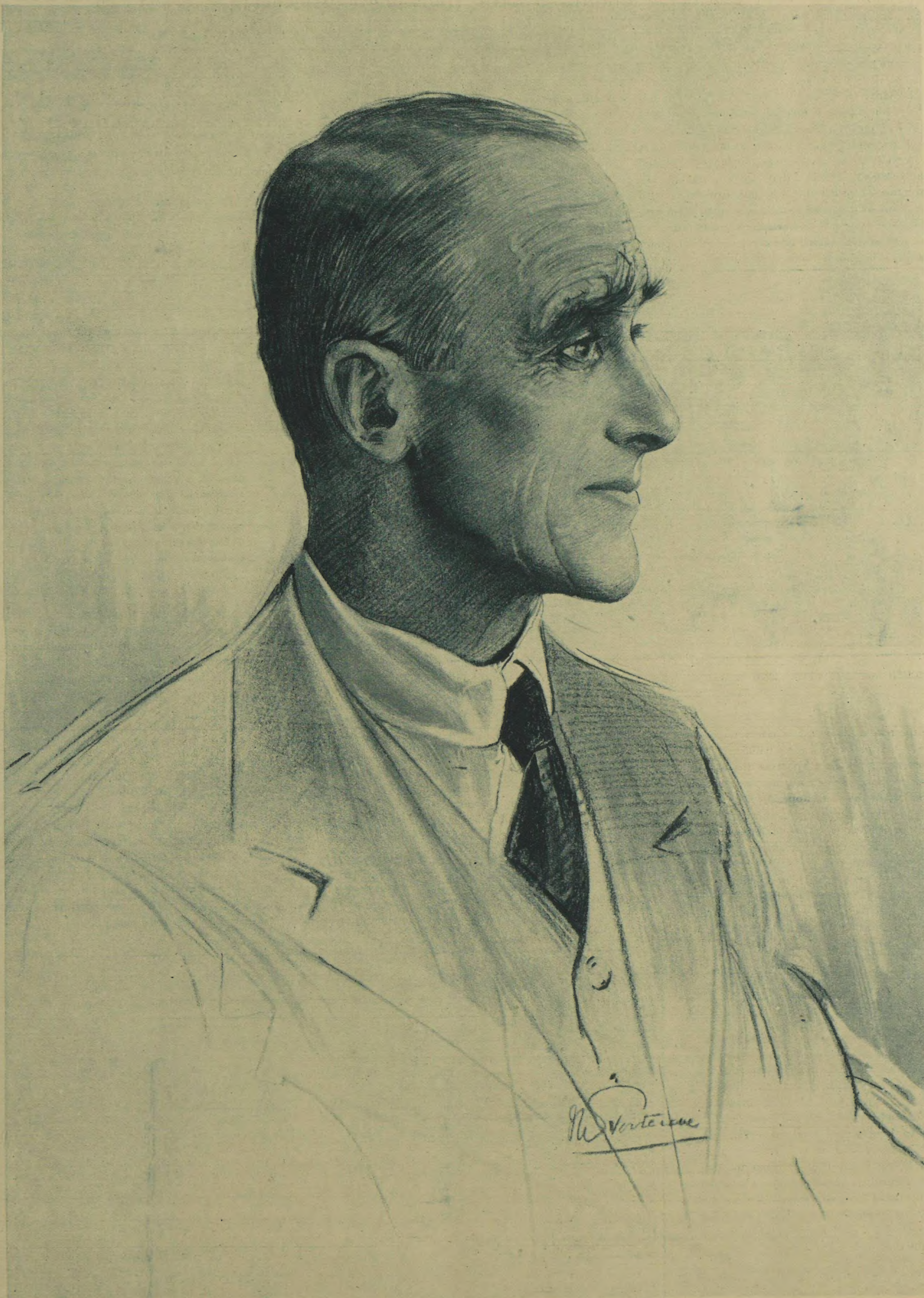
"THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA IN SOUTH AFRICA'S FORWARD MARCH": PRINCE ARTHUR INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught arrived at Pretoria on November 20, when the Prince was sworn in as Governor-General in the Conference Hall at Union Buildings, the foundation-stone of which had been laid by his father, the Duke of Connaught. They had a most enthusiastic welcome. The Prince said he was deeply impressed by "the note of sincerity and real friendliness" in every address they had received, and he felt that "the higher status the Union had achieved as a signatory of the Peace Treaty and a member of the League of Nations marked the dawn of a new era in her history, in her forward march."

Photograph by Barnett (Pretoria).

THE GREAT HISTORIAN OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.



WRITER OF THE FINEST MILITARY HISTORY: THE HON. JOHN FORTESCUE.

Surprising revelations as to the historian's meagre pecuniary reward are given in the Hon. John Fortescue's preface to the new Vols. IX. and X. (covering the close of the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign) of his monumental "History of the British Army," which is generally acknowledged as the finest military history ever produced. "I should have done better for myself financially," he writes, "if, instead of devoting more than twenty years of intense labour to this book, I had served for the same period as a private of the infantry of the line. . . . I must have abandoned the work in 1905 had not King Edward taken me into his household as librarian, and his present Majesty continued me

in the same capacity. . . . Now, however, a new crisis has arisen for me. Taxation and enhanced prices reduce the incomes of professional men practically by two-thirds. The wages of paper-makers, ink-makers, and printers range, I am told, from £3 to £10 a week. Those of the historian, whose brain alone gives the printed page its value, remain at their old level of something under 14s. a week." Mr. Fortescue, however, is continuing his work, mainly through the persuasion of his wife, who feels its importance and, in order to help him, has opened a dress-designing and house-decoration business. He will bring the history to 1870, in five more volumes.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"RING, HAPPY BELLS, ACROSS THE SNOW":

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS.

THE MAKING OF CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

GILLETT AND JOHNSTON, BELL-FOUNDERS, CROYDON.



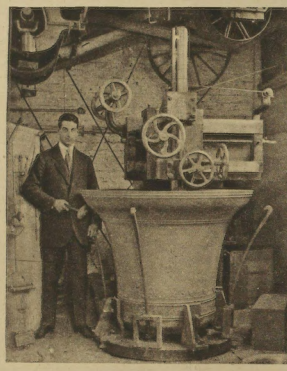
A PROCESS APPLIED TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE BELLS: BREAKING UP OLD BELLS FOR RE-CASTING AND TUNING BY MODERN METHODS.



THE SECOND STEP IN THE OPERATION OF MAKING NEW CHURCH BELLS: PLACING THE MOULDS IN POSITION READY FOR CASTING.

A FEW years ago Canon Simpson, late Rector of Fitteworth, demonstrated that church bells were rarely in tune, and suggested a remedy, if certain facts were borne in mind. A bell, to be properly in tune with others, must first be in tune with itself, i.e., it must have at least five tones at correct intervals to form a perfect musical chord. Formerly the "tuning" was done by chipping the metal until each bell was believed to be in tune. That method is now obsolete, and to Messrs. Gillett and Johnston must be given credit for the modern methods which guarantee that bells are really in tune. In the manufacture of church bells, moulds are fashioned to the correct shape and size of each bell. The space intervening between each pair of moulds represents the thickness of the walls of the bell when cast. A special alloy of

(Continued on B. 2.)



TUNING A NEW BELL BY MODERN METHODS: TESTING THE NOTE WHILE MACHINERY PARES THE INNER SURFACE.



WITH THEIR HEADSTOCKS AND THE PIVOTS ON WHICH, MESSRS. GILLETT AND JOHNSTON.



THE DELIVERY OF A NEW BELL: ONE OF A PEAL FOR ST. PETER'S, CROYDON, BEING TRANSFERRED FROM A LORRY INTO THE CHURCH.



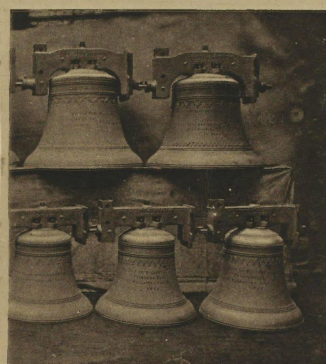
A WEIGHT OF 11 TONS: HOISTING THE NEW TENOR BELL FOR ST. PETER'S, CROYDON, INTO THE BELFRY.



A CHURCH BELL IN LIQUID FORM: DRAWING OFF MOLTEN METAL FROM THE FURNACE INTO A BUCKET, AT A FAMOUS CROYDON BELL-FOUNDRY.



STILL LIQUID, BUT ABOUT TO SOLIDIFY IN THE REQUIRED SHAPE: MOLTEN METAL BEING POURED INTO MOULDS IN WHICH BELLS ARE CAST.

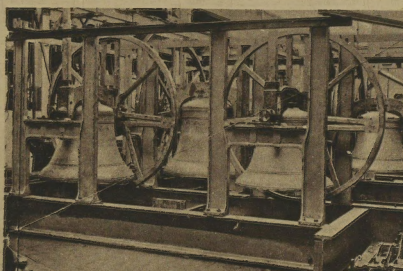


THEY SWING: A RING OF TEN NEW BELLS CAST BY THEIR BELL-FOUNDRY AT CROYDON.

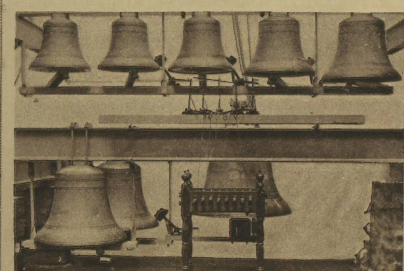


BEARING A FIGURE OF THE SAINT: THE FINISHED TENOR BELL FOR ST. PETER'S, CROYDON.

2. metals is brought to melting point in the furnace, and poured into a bucket, which is then conveyed to the mould. The great bucket is tipped so that the molten metal runs into the space between the two companion moulds, where it is left to cool. Afterwards the casting is cleaned and smoothed up by the sand-blast process. Subsequently, the bell is conveyed to the tuning department, and there inverted beneath a revolving lathe fitted with cutting tools which pare off the metal from inside the bell. An expert, using standard tuning-forks, strikes the bell at intervals, during the removal of the surplus metal, until the proper tone is obtained. When correctly tuned the bell should have tones or harmonics, which are termed the hum-note, fundamental (or strike note), and nominal; also the third and fifth to the fundamental.



SHOWING THE WHEELS TO WHICH THE BELL-ROPE ARE ATTACHED: THE MODERN IRON-AND-STEEL FRAME WHICH HOLDS A SET OF CHURCH BELLS.



FIXED, AND THEIR CLAPPERS WORKED BY WIRES FROM A KEYBOARD: A NEW CHIME OF EIGHT BELLS FOR ST. LUKE'S, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The subject of church bells and their making is seasonal just now, and to Londoners, at least, it has another immediate interest from the fact that the famous bells of the Royal Exchange have just been re-cast, at Croydon, and are to be re-hung towards the end of January. The chimes have not been altered, but they will now be sounded every three hours throughout the day. So the City will once more hear the familiar notes of "Rule, Britannia," "Auld Lang Syne," "The Minstrel Boy," and the other old national melodies which form their repertoire. There is an English, a Scottish, and an Irish air for nearly every day of the week, with three hymns for Sunday. Our photographs were taken at the well-known Croydon bell-foundry of Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, who have carried out work at Peterborough Cathedral, Wimborne Minster, and many other churches. They made the first modern English carillon machine (played from a keyboard, or clavier) for an English tower, the famous

Boston "Stump." During the war the foundry was a very efficient munition-factory. It has never known a strike. Since the war they have sent over to Flanders the first English bell for an empty Belgian belfry. Another went to Cambrai, at the order of a British "padre," moved to sympathy for a French curé whose church had been ruined. The use of bells in churches was first introduced by an Italian bishop of the fifth century. Many legends have since gathered about them, such as that of the drowned bells of Josham, a similar one told in Hawker's Cornish ballad, "The Silent Tower of Botreaux," and the story of the heroic girl who declared, for her condemned lover's sake, that "curlew shall not ring to-night." Poe's poem, "The Bells," might be called the poetic locus classicus of the subject. The system of change-ringing was invented by Fabian Stedman about the middle of the seventeenth century. Old bells often bear curious inscriptions.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

ENGLISH pottery, with its robust character—Bristol delft, Staffordshire salt-glaze ware, and Liverpool transfer-printed tiles—came up at Sotheby's early in the month for the delight of new collectors, to pass into cabinets, and await a later judgment ten years hence or sooner. At Christie's, modern pictures and water-colour drawings made a bid for recognition. The vicissitudes of fortune of Old Masters are as nothing compared to the crowded portals thronged with moderns attempting to obtain a passport to posterity. By their

there came, too, a rare item which collectors rightly seized upon, the *Caricature Magazine*, which brought 100 guineas, as it included work by Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and others representing sporting subjects, satirising the costumes of the dandies, and offering satiric delineation of naval and military, Napoleonic, and current political subjects. Raemaekers was the one brilliant genius whose pencil stung the Prussian tetrarch. Raemaekers had the cosmopolitan outlook; we have lacked the stinging lash and biting lampoon as it should have been applied nowadays. There is a tolerant instinct abroad. One unlucky Member of Parliament who talked of lamp-posts is enjoying a temporary rest from his Albert Hall philippics,

Old silver of fine quality never hangs fire in the auction-room. The properties of the late Mrs. Alexander Mackay, the Earl of Lichfield, and others attracted the right kind of buyers, and were sold on Dec. 14 by Messrs. Christie. The lots offered embraced some choice examples. Twelve Charles II. three-pronged forks with shield-top handles, 1683, with maker's mark, "I K," suggested the thought as to days not far removed when forks were unknown in this country. The evolution of the fork in place of fingers from the days of gentles and simples is a pleasing subject. This set brought £296.

A Charles II. tankard and cover, with thumb-piece formed as entwined dolphins, 1672, maker's mark "R I," won approval. But a Charles II. toilet service, with casket, octagonal boxes, toilet pots and covers, candlesticks, snuffers, and brush handles, was a *pièce de résistance*, and was knocked down for £799. These silver toilet services were no new thing. When Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French Ambassador and his retinue at Hampton Court, 280 beds were provided for the guests, "every chamber had a bason and ewer of silver, besides other utensils." A James I. silver-gilt goblet, maker "T F," brought £211, and an Elizabethan silver-gilt cup and cover formed as a gourd, with a figure of Venus surmounting cover, having the inscription "Francis Tucker Daughter to George Tucker Wife to Richard Dayrell gives this to her son and male posterity, it antiently belonging to ye sd Tuckers of Milton in Kent but now is to remain with the Dayrells of Lillingston Dayrell in Bucks," 1598, maker's mark "I E," brought £535, and a fine James II. silver-gilt porringer, 1686, maker's mark "W I," engraved with the mixed motifs of cherubs supporting crown, and also birds in Chinese taste, sold for £806. Lovers of Apostle spoons had the offer of an Elizabethan set including the Master, in date 1592, with maker's mark, a crescent enclosing W, for £620. A Queen Anne two-handled cup and cover by Benjamin Pyne, 1712, made a fine price.

Old glass has an eager and discriminating following. Now that Mr. Dudley Westropp, of the National Museum, Dublin, has recently produced his volume on Irish Glass, many opinions will have to be altered. Old Waterford has been a title applied to many excrescences from Holland. Some



FROM CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLES OF LONG AGO: WINE, CORDIAL, AND SWEETMEAT GLASSES.

The above were lots in the same sale as the others here illustrated. From left to right they are: A sweetmeat-glass (6½ in.), with ribbed ogee bowl; a cordial-glass (6½ in.), with fluted bowl; a wine-glass (6½ in.), engraved "The Glorious Memory of King William"; a cordial-glass (6½ in.), with straight-sided bowl; and a sweetmeat-glass (6½ in.), with square bowl.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

prices ye shall know them—and Mr. Augustus E. John is the latest to find himself in the fierce light of the auction-room. It is an advertisement which some love and others fear. It comes unsought, like the gentle rain from heaven; and, as such, it often goes unheeded. It may in a measure be likened to a man reading his own obituary notice, for the auction-room is the lethal chamber to some reputations and the resurrection of others. It is the to-morrow for to-day's art. Birket Foster, with his stippled intricacies, is perennial. He must shortly pass into the hall-marked stage of nineteenth-century assured properties. A drawing by him of Rouen Cathedral brought £1176. The light finger of Time claims Walter Sickert. It was he who, with Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, the poet, and Charles Conder (whose fan-mounts are fantasies of delight), at a *cabaret* at Dieppe, dreamed of the *Savoy* quarterly magazine—a dream which, under Beardsley's untiring genius, came true. Three Sickerts reminded connoisseurs of those far-off days of modernity before the war when "decadent" was sufficient to win the satire of *Punch*. With other modernities came Cazin, whose technique has influenced more palettes than one can name. His "Gathering Sticks" and his "Sunset" offered snatches of a wizard's touch in his treatment of mysterious light and stillness—the serenity which is preternatural. His canvases suggest the line of Verlaine—"C'est l'heure exquise." Josef Israels, too, comes among the moderns as a pioneer: the Dutch Millet, who studied in Paris and there starved in a garret—a very proper apprenticeship for him who, lodging later with a ship's carpenter at Haarlem, painted the dunes, the toilers of the sea, and the sorrows of the poor.

Engravings, item after item, from an interesting collection passed in quick succession under Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's hands. Frequenters of auction-rooms may not altogether understand the love of art for its own sake, apart from monetary values. Perhaps we all have a lingering thought that our own particular choice in the field may suddenly become the vogue. But the usual experience is that esoteric collecting, with all its beauties and ecstasies, is its own reward. Here there flashed by Brangwyn's "Old Hammersmith," a signed presentation proof to Roger Marx; Goya's wonderful "Bull-Fighting" and the "Swing"; a series of Méryon, including "La Tour del'Horloge" from the Burty collection; Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral," that rose spire bathed in summer light mezzotinted by David Lucas, engraver's proof; and

and that building has since been purged of its offence by being the venue of a prize-fight. But those who know the history of caricature remember Gillray's engraving published in July 1791 entitled "The Hopes of the Party," depicting Queen Charlotte and Pitt suspended to a lamp-post: the Queen was very unpopular, and, together with



THE GLASS OF OUR ANCESTORS: (L. TO R.) A FLEMISH GOBLET, A JACOBITE PORTRAIT GLASS, AND A SWEETMEAT-HOLDER.

These examples were in the sale of old English, Irish, and other glass, at Sotheby's on December 16 and 17. On the left is a goblet, probably Flemish, dated 1636, and etched with hunting-scenes and cupids. In the centre is a Jacobite glass (7 1-8 in.) bearing a portrait of Prince "Charlie" and his motto, "Audentior Ibo." On the right is a sweetmeat-glass (7 in.) with ribbed ogee bowl.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.]

Pitt, they were suspect in regard to national liberties.

During the month tapestries at Messrs. Christie's rooms brought sound prices. Seven Brussels panels, six of them 11 ft. 6 in. high and ranging in width from 17 ft. to 8 ft., brought £6090. They bore the signatures G. V., L., and A. Auwerx, and represented hunting scenes in which Diana and her nymphs engaged in the chase of the wild boar, the wolf, and stag. Tapestries are much in evidence now; there is the set from Belvoir Castle now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, as a preliminary to their disposal, and these include one from the famous Gobelins "Don Quixote" series.

interesting examples came up for review at Messrs. Sotheby's on Dec. 16 and 17. At the same sale three miniatures stood out as representative of the work of Andrew Plimer. The trio are portraits, and they represent people worth portraying. Dr. Charles Nevinson, with his blue coat and white cravat, is a handsome man. His sisters, with their *bandeaux* in true eighteenth-century classic style, exhibit the beauty of the period. But Mrs. G. S. Marten carries off the palm for beauty. These old family relics, with undoubted pedigree, have a pathos in their dispersal. But collectors will henceforth love and value the Nevinsons. Perhaps it may be said that certain families are inscribing their names on the roll of fame—let it be at that.

MONASTERIES IN THE AIR: A WONDER OF NORTHERN GREECE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



"MONKS PULLED ME UP TO THE ENTRANCE WITH A ROPE 32 FATHOMS (ABOUT 192 FEET) LONG": HAGIA TRIADA—
ONE OF THE MARVELLOUS 14TH-CENTURY ROCK-TOP MONASTERIES OF METEORA, IN THESSALY.

There is nothing stranger or more romantic in the world than the Monasteries of Meteora (*i.e.*, "monasteries in the air"), built for safety in the turbulent fourteenth century, on the tops of a group of huge pillar-like rocks in Thessaly. Originally there were twenty-four, but now only seven remain (two uninhabited) with about thirty monks in all. In that fascinating book, "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant," the Hon. Robert Curzon describes a visit to Meteora. "The end of a range of rocky hills, seems to have been broken off by earthquake, or

washed away by the Deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height: some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. . . . Hagia Triada contains about ten or twelve monks, who pulled me up to the entrance with a rope thirty-two fathoms long. This monastery, like the others, resembles a small village, of which the houses stand huddled round the little painted church."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHERE VISITORS "KNOCK" BY GUN-FIRE AND ARE HAULED UP BY ROPES: "MONASTERIES IN THE AIR."

FROM THE DRAWING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



WHERE THE LARGEST AND HIGHEST MONASTERY, THE METEORON, CROWNS A PINNACLE ROCK 1820 FT. HIGH: "THE LAND OF THE METEORA," BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



"TWISTING ROUND AND ROUND LIKE A LEG OF MUTTON HANGING TO A BOTTLE-JACK": JOSEPH PENNELL'S DRAWING, "GOING HOME TO THE BARLAAM MONASTERY."

The gigantic in modern architecture has been a favourite study of that famous artist Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose drawings of New York sky-scrapers, great industrial works, and kindred subjects, will be remembered by our readers. Here he portrays a wonderful group of ancient buildings whose architectural grandeur is mainly the work of Nature—namely, the Monasteries of Meteora, in Thessaly, further described on the other two pages of his drawings in this number. The largest and highest of the seven surviving monasteries, itself called the Meteoron, is on a crag 1820 ft. high. Personal experiences at this and the Barlaam Monastery, the most interesting of them all, for its rock chapel with paintings of St. Ephraim, are given in the Hon. Robert Curzon's book (elsewhere quoted), "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant." "The Monastery of Barlaam," he writes, "stood perpendicularly above us, on the top of a much higher rock. Here

we fired off a gun, to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilised places. Presently we were hailed by someone in the sky, and we saw the face and grey beard of an old monk some 100 ft. above us peering out. . . . After some delay a large rope was seen descending with a hook at the end, to which a strong net was attached. My two servants sat down upon it, and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly ascending into the air, twisting round and round like a leg of mutton hanging to a bottle-jack. The rope was old and mended, and the height to the door above was 222 ft. . . . I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders." This proved even more perilous and nearly led to disaster. Baedeker says: "The ascent by ladders is not recommended." At the Meteoron Mr. Curzon preferred the rope and windlass.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

WHERE "WHOLE FLOCKS OF HERMITS ROOSTED": THE MONKS' PRISON.

FROM THE DRAWING BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



"THE ANCHORITES WHO BURROWED IN THEM . . . AFFORDED EXCELLENT SPORT TO ROVING SARACENS":
THE MONKS' PRISON, ONE OF THE NUMEROUS HERMIT CAVES AMONG THE ROCKS OF METEORA.

In his book, quoted on other pages in this number illustrating the Monasteries of Meteora, the Hon. Robert Curzon writes: "At the foot of many of the rocks which surround this beautiful grassy amphitheatre, there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism, whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up the rocks, that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to

them; whilst others are below the surface; and the anchorites who burrowed in them frequently afforded excellent sport to parties of roving Saracens; indeed hermit-hunting seems to have been a fashionable amusement previous to the twelfth century. In early Greek frescoes, and in small stiff pictures with gold backgrounds, we see many frightful representations of men on horseback, in Roman armour, with long spears, who are torturing and slaying Christian devotees."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

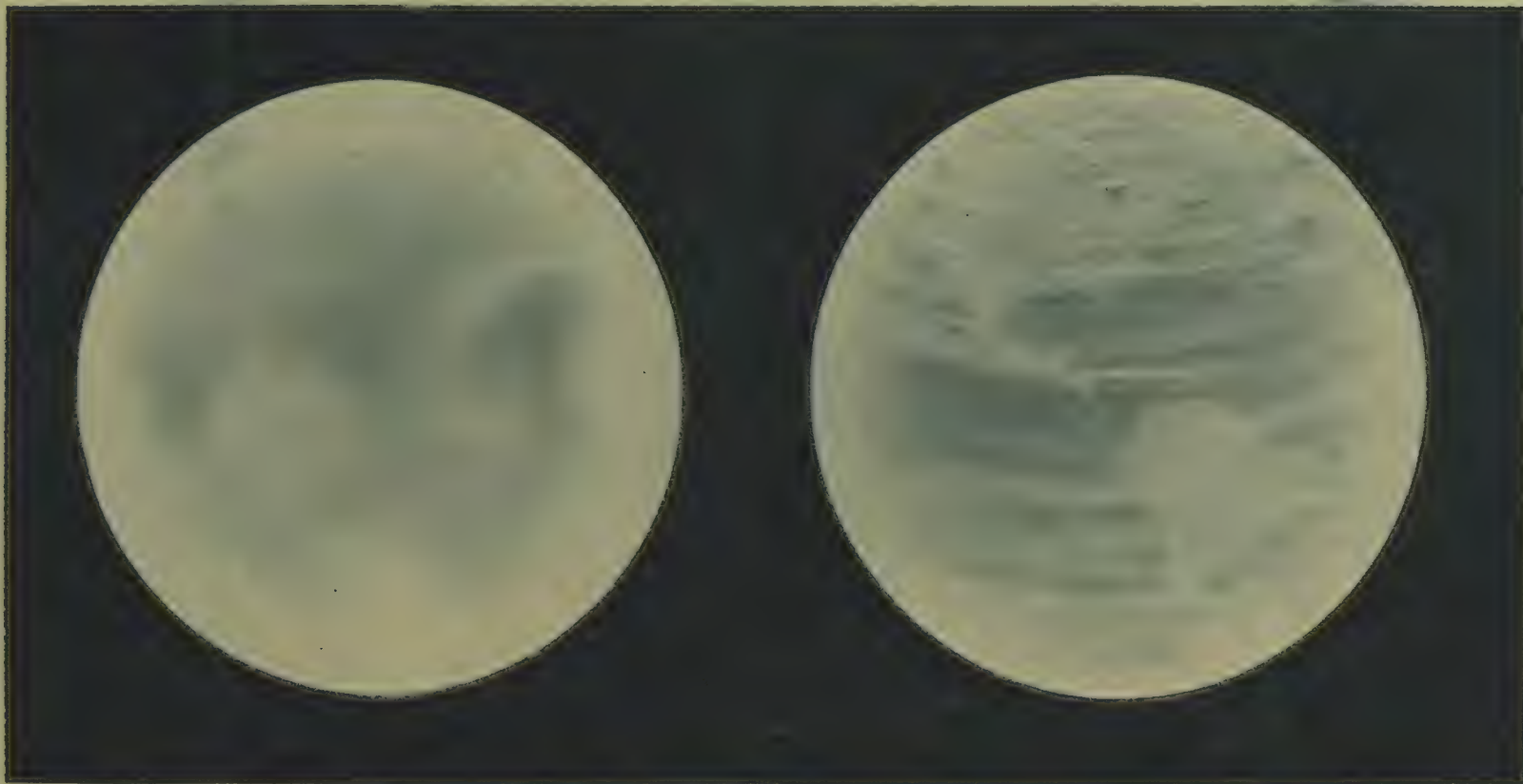
IS VENUS INHABITED? "EARTH'S . . . SILVER SISTER WORLD AFAR."

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



EVIDENCE SUPPORTS THE THEORY OF VEGETATION ON VENUS

TELESCOPIC VIEW OF VENUS, SHEWING THE DELICATE SURFACE SHADINGS



RELATIVE SIZES OF VENUS AND THE EARTH *Scriven Bolton del.*

"A WORLD NOT UNLIKE OURS IN SUPPORTING LIFE"? VENUS—THE PLANET WHOSE SIZE AND CONDITIONS MOST RESEMBLE THOSE OF EARTH.

In a note sent with this drawing, Mr. Scriven Bolton discusses the fascinating question whether Venus is inhabited. The problem of life in other worlds than ours, he points out, is primarily limited to Mars and Venus, but recent research indicates that the Martian temperature is too low. Venus, on the other hand, being nearer to the sun than the earth, must be hotter, but her canopy of clouds, which proves the existence of water vapour, is dense enough to make the heat bearable. As her size is about equal to that of the Earth, many

conditions of her existence must be similar to ours. The point yet undecided is the time she takes to rotate on her axis, but a period of about twenty-four hours is generally accepted, according to available evidence; and, that being so, conditions in Venus must approximate more closely to Earth's than those of any other planet. She is now approaching us, and will soon be unusually well situated for observation. Mr. Scriven Bolton has illustrated and explained in our pages other interesting astronomical subjects.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN HISTORY.

By WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

THE comparatively moderate price recently paid at Christie's for the portrait of Duchess Margaret of Tyrol, of which we give a reproduction, hardly corresponds with the fame of the celebrated Louvain painter, Quentin Matsys, who limned the panel, and still less with that of the historical, as well as notorious, original. So, while one can congratulate the lucky purchaser on his bargain, the present writer, who in the course of his studies has come across many references to her adventurous career and amorous wantonness, is tempted to give a brief account of a ruler whose story takes a lot of beating.

Her nickname, "*Maultasche*," of which the usual rendering is "Pocketmouthed Meg," was probably derived from an incident which was fated to have the most far-reaching results in the storied history of her country. In the vernacular of her time, *Maultasche* meant a box on the ear, and it was such a blow inflicted on her by one of her Wittelsbach cousins in the course of a youthful squabble that, more than thirty years later, caused the Duchess to disinherit these selfsame Bavarian kinsmen, and to bestow Tyrol and the rest of her vast possessions upon her Habsburg cousins, in whose family Tyrol remained for five-and-a-half centuries, until recent events severed a connection of unusual historical interest.

Born in the year 1318, as the only child of the last but one of the original dynasts of Tyrol and Carinthia, her father, the *soi-disant* King of Bohemia and Duke of Tyrol, was from the time she lay in her cradle kept busy declining matrimonial proposals on the part of Princes anxious to secure with her hand what was one of the richest heritages in Europe. By her marriage at the age of twelve to Prince John, son of the real King of Bohemia, her experiences of married life began very early. For she soon tired of her youthful spouse, and one November day, on returning from a hunting expedition, Prince John found the gates of Schloss Tirol, where the ill-matched couple had resided, barred against him by orders of his Duchess, who had used his absence in the mountains to chase out of the country every one of his Bohemian courtiers, and who now shouted down from the castle walls the message that the sooner he followed his compatriots the better she would be pleased, and the better it would be for himself. And as Margaret's natural brother, Albert, had but recently been put to terrible tortures by her spouse, and reprisals were gently hinted at, Prince John did not tarry, and left the country with discreet promptness.

The then head of the Holy Roman Empire, Louis the Bavarian, who had long cast envious eyes upon Margaret's vast territories, and who had intrigued to bring about the separation, lost no time in taking advantage of Prince John's discomfiture. His stalwart and good-looking son, Louis, Margrave of Brandenburg, promptly appeared upon the scene, and became Margaret's affianced *Bräutigam*. But this brought her and the Emperor into violent conflict with the Pontiff, the only person who could annul her previous marriage, and to whom the discomfited Prince John, backed by the influential Luxembourg political party, had appealed. The Emperor, however, felt himself powerful enough to laugh at the Pope's excommunication and other dire threats. Providing himself with three German Bishops, willing tools in his hands, the Emperor, accompanied by a vast train, proceeded to journey down to Tyrol to have the marriage solemnised there and then, in spite of Rome's blood-curdling fulminations. It was in the depth of a severe winter, and the passage over the snow-encumbered

Brenner and the Jaufen Passes must have proved unusually difficult, even for those days, when hardships which to-day we would pronounce unbearable were patiently endured by travellers. The expedition was already in sight of the great Meran valley, when an avalanche carried away

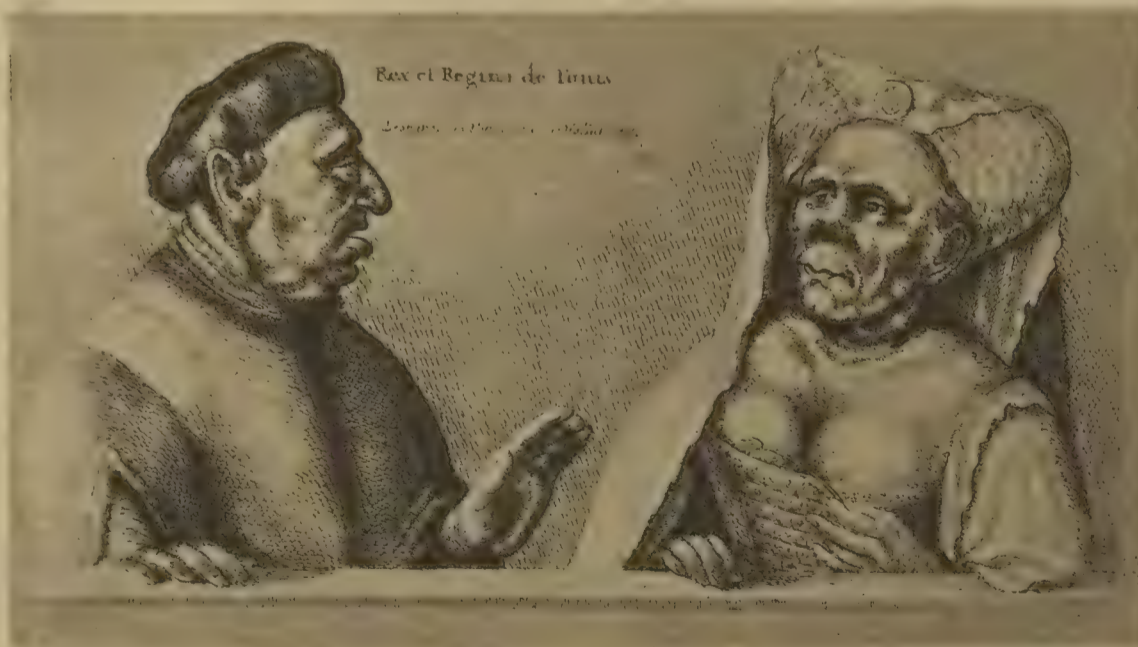


BELIEVED BY SOME TO REPRESENT DUCHESS MARGARET OF TYROL, "THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN HISTORY": A DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, NOW IN THE ROYAL GALLERY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

It is very interesting to compare the two drawings on this page, the originals of which are in the Royal Gallery at Windsor, with the photograph on the page opposite of a picture by Quentin Matsys (1466-1530), the Flemish painter. It appears to be uncertain whether Matsys copied from Leonardo (1452-1519), or vice-versa. Wenzel Hollar, the Bohemian etcher (1607-77), is said to have made his engraving from the painting by Matsys. His title, "King and Queen of Tunis," is believed to be imaginary. All these three portraits, which are obviously of the same person, are considered by some critics to represent Duchess Margaret of Carinthia and Tyrol, who has the reputation of having been the ugliest woman in history.

Photograph Copyright by Braun and Co.

the chief of the episcopal dignitaries, the Bishop of Freisingen, killing him and his horse and some others. Unspeakable terror seized the rest of



ENTITLED "THE KING AND QUEEN OF TUNIS"—THE RIGHT-HAND FIGURE SAID TO HAVE BEEN COPIED FROM MATSYS' PAINTING: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGRAVING BY WENZEL HOLLAR, NOW AT WINDSOR.

Photograph supplied by Mr. Hugh Blaker.

the clerics, who saw in it a punitive visitation of Heaven for the unholy mission upon which they were bent. An absolute refusal on their part to carry out the Emperor's behest caused the vast assembly of Princes and ecclesiastics to reach Margaret's Court without the means of carrying out the object of their perilous journey. But again the imperious monarch brooked no delay, and, to the boundless wrath of the Pope's party, he forced, it is said at the point of his sword, the

lowly castle chaplain to perform the marriage ceremony, undeterred by the angry mutterings of the people, who felt their country outraged by such sacrilegious conduct. Curiously enough, the population's superstitious fears that God would punish them all came true. For three years, incredible swarms of locusts—a hitherto unknown visitation—destroyed all the crops; unprecedented freshets inundated and ruined the richest districts; then came a terrible earthquake which killed thousands, followed by the even more fearful ravages of the Black Death, which in some valleys took off five-sixths of the population. Finally the three principal towns in Tyrol were destroyed by fire—disasters which caused a terrible persecution of the Jews, from which few escaped.

When Margaret tired of her second husband, and her son reached his majority and took up the reins, poison, it is believed, removed both, so that the absolute sovereignty was left in her hands. But her rule lasted but thirteen days, a rebellious population and mutinous nobility forcing the sovereign's hands. It was then that the ill-effect of that box on the ear inflicted by one of her Bavarian cousins became apparent. Closely watched and assiduously courted by the latter, as well as by their Vienna rivals to her favour, it was one of the latter kinsmen, the energetic Duke Rudolph IV., of Habsburg, who, having had early intimation of the sudden death of the youthful heir, managed, by a marvellously rapid journey across the Krimmler Tauern in the depth of winter, to reach Bozen on the thirteenth day after the young Prince's death, thus forestalling his more leisurely kinsmen from Munich. Strenuousness has long been an unknown trait of the inert Habsburgs, and the reward garnered by the swiftly-travelling Rudolph was a great one, for on January 26, 1363, the day after his arrival, she delivered Tyrol and Carinthia to her Habsburg cousin, the deed of surrender being signed by fourteen of Tyrol's principal nobles, amongst whom was one of her most devoted favourites, the redoubtable knight Hans von Frundsberg, in whose ancestral walls, five hundred and fifty-seven years later, the present lines come to be written.

Of Duchess Margaret's gallant adventures countless legends are told, some of which are supported by history. Thus, the oft-told story of her predilection for the stalwart and generally handsome peasant youths of the *Burgrafen Amt*, as is called a district near her Castle Tirol, and her gifts to these favourites, each of whom received a *Schildhof*, or small estate, to which noble rank was attached, is amply borne out by the chronicles of the time, and the existence to this day of direct descendants of some of these fourteenth-century gallants. Equally supported by history are the highly sensational details of the divorce suit that followed her first marriage, details that fill many pages of two well-known Tyrolean historians. Though writ in discreet Latin, the amusing passages are unfit for polite ears of the twentieth century, for a spade was not called a shovel in those blunt-spoken days. There exists another version of how her nickname arose—namely, on account of her incredibly misshapen mouth; but, as the writer

has shown in his "The Land in the Mountains," the first-quoted version is the one more supported by the chronicles of the time, and by philology.

That her fame as the ugliest woman of her day had not vanished from man's memory a century later is shown by a drawing attributed to Leonardo da Vinci preserved in Windsor Castle, which unquestionably was either copied from Matsys' contemporary picture, or served as the *motif* for the same, for the details are identical.

TENNIEL'S MODEL FOR THE DUCHESS IN "ALICE": THE UGLIEST WOMAN.

BY COURTESY OF MR. HUGH BLAKER



REPUTED TO BE THE UGLIEST WOMAN IN HISTORY: DUCHESS MARGARET OF CARINTHIA AND TYROL—
A PORTRAIT BY QUENTIN MATSYS, THE FAMOUS FLEMISH PAINTER.

The above picture by Quentin Matsys (1466-1530), the Flemish painter, is believed by Mr. Baillie-Grohman (whose article appears on the opposite page) and others to be a portrait of Duchess Margaret of Carinthia and Tyrol, "the ugliest woman in history," and was recently sold as such at Christie's to Mr. Hugh Blaker, by whose courtesy we reproduce it. The portrait has another interest as having been the original from which Sir John Tenniel drew the familiar and hideous countenance of the Duchess in his illustrations to "Alice in Wonderland." On the opposite page also are photographs of a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci (with

whom Matsys was contemporary) and an engraving by Wenzel Hollar (seventeenth century), both in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and both showing the same repulsive face. As Mr. Baillie-Grohman relates, Duchess Margaret, nicknamed Maultasche (or Pocketmouthed Meg), was born in the fourteenth century, the only child of the *sej-disant* King of Bohemia and Duke of Tyrol, and was notorious for her matrimonial adventures and other amours. On January 26, 1363 she surrendered Tyrol and Carinthia to her cousin, Duke Rudolph IV. of Habsburg, an action of far-reaching effect on subsequent history.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

IN Miss Maggie Teyte a true artist has acceded to musical comedy. She may, as yet, not be an accomplished actress; she may betray, at times, that her emotional power is greater than her technical equipment; but there is no gain-saying that she raises the whole standard of the entertainment. In its way, "The Little Dutch Girl" at the Lyric is the prettiest thing in town: the Dutch scene is exquisitely picturesque, amiably idealistic of race and people, unspeakably cosy with its windmill and drawbridge; the palace is all glitter and glory; and the story is—well,



IRVING'S GRANDDAUGHTER MAKES HER STAGE DÉBUT: MISS ELIZABETH IRVING, THE TITANIA OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Miss Elizabeth Irving makes a charming Titania in Mr. J. B. Fagan's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Court Theatre. It is her first appearance on the stage. She is a daughter of the late Mr. H. B. Irving, who died in 1919, and Miss Dorothea Baird (Mrs. H. B. Irving), and a granddaughter of Sir Henry Irving.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

as attractive as all stories are when princesses run away from etiquette to follow the dictates of their hearts. For the comic element there is scope galore: Mr. Lauri de Frece is delightful as a diminutive Court-Marshall of quaint pomposity; Miss Cicely Debenham is a "vital spark" in a free body; Mr. Hulbert is the last word of the dandified "silly-ass" whose mad manner is full of intellectual method—he dances as with winged feet, he warbles his comic songs with an intense sense of humour, he has the 'varsity grace and assurance, and, withal, he is the complete man of the world in frolicsome mood. When all this is said there remains the beautiful music of Mr. Emmerich Kalman and Miss Maggie Teyte. The score is full of melody, full of the lilt of Viennese sentiment and joy: a charming *leit-motif* runs like a will-of-the-wisp through every act, there is a valse of lingering loveliness, and there are two finales which stamp Kalman a musician commanding every instrument and a master of orchestration.

I think that this music of "The Little Dutch Girl" has not been appreciated as it would have been if the composer had been one of us or our Allies. It is a fact that even now there remains a barrier between art and origin. Still, those who understand music, and are unswayed by chauvinistic feelings, will acknowledge that as a score there is nothing on the London stage to equal or to approach it. Kalman—at any rate in this work—shows inspiration, and although he understands the *métier* to the full, there is in his music nothing which savours of the 'catch-penny' or the facile. His melodies flow from his lyre, they are not made to order. No wonder, then, that Miss Maggie Teyte was literally carried away by her themes, and that she sang with all her heart and soul, with a fervour so intense that the audience had to collect itself before bursting into enthusiasm. Mr. Fredale, the young lover, too, came in for his share of acclamation. I hear that on the first night he was married by nervousness; by the time I saw him he was his spirited young self. It was sheer joy to listen to them, and one can only hope that Mr. Seymour Hicks's effort to re-naturalise the operetta will

meet with the success it deserves. It is a delightful genre when author, composer, artists and producer harmonise in symphonic and dramatic collaboration.

Mr. Nigel Playfair is rapidly making a name as the explorer of our classic treasure-trove. His is the admirable method of grafting modern ideas and methods on ancient texts. He succeeded in "The Beggars' Opera"; he achieved even more in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," for here he was unaided by music and had to apply his own inventiveness. The play, which is germane to the Bottom scenes of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is but a thin and flippant affair. It is amusing in conception, but very long, and its main interest is its reliquarian value as a specimen of old-world jollity, and especially its character as a forerunner of the revue of to-day. With a little imagination on the hearer's part, here is an exact counterpart of the entertainment which, *via* Paris, has become an institution in London. The author goes as he pleases, the actors do as they please: they burst into song in season and out of it; they may gag in words and in gesture; they may handle the text or mishandle it; all's fair in this mad game of satire and mock-earnestness, provided that the actors enter into the spirit of it and gambol in the vein of the Merrie England of olden times, when the May-pole was in flower, when actors were gay rogues and vagabonds, when the "high-brow" was non-existent or openly derided, when the grocer was an important personage, his buxom wife the true representative of woman's rights, when the audience sat on the stage, and when the tankard, unrestricted, was merrily swung from hand to hand, and the "*in vino veritas*" turned the leisure hours of this vale of tears into an Eden minus the serpent. Mr. Nigel Playfair, with one eye on the past and a not less keen one on the present, has spurred his exponents into the gallop of the thing. They all act with *joie de vivre*, and although Miss Betty Chester, whatever she may say in refutation of the critics, is not quite the dreadnought the grocer's wife should be, she acts the part with

much understanding, with dash, and with such spirit as flings every line, like an arrow, into the audience. In Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Playfair has found the ideal hero of the story. He looks a beautifully grotesque, knightly figure; he plays with his tongue in his cheek; he, and also Mr. Eric Morgan, never miss a point. Not all are quite as lightsome in letting themselves go into the tomfoolery of which little Mr. Robson is perhaps *facile princeps*—a wonderful Sancho Panza on the horizon when one day a Don Quixote will be found to revive Mr. G. A. Morrison's capital tragi-comedy of that name. As I said, not all the actors played *à la diable*, but that may come when they are accustomed to the strange amalgamation between public and players. For that is the charm of this peculiar production: so close is the relationship between audience and stage that great is the temptation just to jump into the fray and to take a hand at this weird comedy of errors.

Our new Royal Academy of Dramatic Art is proudly living up to its 'scutcheon. The influx of students is constant and progressive; there reigns at Gower Street the activity of a beehive. The French section, under the inspiring guidance of Mlle. Gachet, is both venturesome and promising; the other day the pupils gave a performance of Molière's "Précieuses" and Dumas père's "Mariage sous Louis XV.," in which some of the students proved that, with effort and study, it is possible to attune the British tongue to the grace of French pronunciation. Mlle. Gachet's

task is great and difficult, but the result warrants her labour of much love and little loss. Some students, of course, will never master the right pronunciation, but all have an opportunity to become acquainted with the meaning of the French classics, and the nimbleness of dialogue and action teaches them flexibility of movement and courtliness of manner. The beautiful theatre attached to the Academy is now well ready for occupation and experiment. It will be the Bijou Theatre of London, and in equipment its most modern and complete. Mr. Kenneth Barnes, ever zealous to develop the scope of his Academy, has hit upon a clever, and practical, idea to make the best use of the theatre. He has formed a club of ex-students with the triple purpose to bring the old mates together in friendship and conviviality (dances included!); to keep a list of the names and qualifications of ex-students to which managers may refer; to produce at the Academy Theatre plays written by members of the club considered worthy of being acted by them, and to invite managers and others (*i.e.*, the Press) who might help the students in their professional careers.

This latter idea appeals very much to all who live "in love and hope" for our theatre. Reviewing many names of those who joined the Academy since the day of Beerbohm Tree, several occur who have already made a name as playwrights, with Miles Malleson, the actor-author, first and foremost; others, one knows, are burning to swell the ranks of dramatists. Who knows that, with youth, enthusiasm, and talent in their quiver, the members of the R.A.D.A. Ex-Students' Club may not discover little Shakespeares, Shaws, and Pineros in their midst? There is nothing like practical experience, and here is a field where, without consideration of box-office and risk, new ideas may caper ahead in freedom and unfettered by all the unavoidable trammels which surround the regular stage. If only the members will remember that it is the cause that matters, not the individual, the Academy Theatre may become a power-station in our dramatic world. And with "*Concordia res parvæ crescunt*" on its pennant, the club of the young generation will flourish with unanimous God-speed at its launch.



THE PLAY THAT NEVER "GROWS UP": (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS FREDA GODFREY AS WENDY, AND MISS EDNA BEST AS PETER IN "PETER PAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

This year's revival of Sir James Barrie's unaging "Peter Pan," at the St. James's Theatre is to be given for matinées only during the first week (December 20 to 24), and on and after Boxing Day (December 27) twice daily. Miss Edna Best is new to the name-part. The new Wendy played Peter very successfully in South Africa.

Photograph by C.N.

KING'S HEAD Tobacco

gives the utmost enjoyment that can be had from a pipe. From the first puff to the last, there's never-failing delight, and every pipeful is as good as the one before.

The full flavour of King's Head will appeal to those who like a blend, strong but not too strong. Those who prefer one milder should ask for

THREE NUNS

Both are sold everywhere—

PACKETS: 1-oz. 1/2; 2-oz. 2/4

TINS - 2-oz. 2/5; 4-oz. 4/8

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6 ^d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8 ^d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 30, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.



The Best Remedy for CONSTIPATION

Physicians Praise Osmos.

The medical adviser of a well-known Member of Parliament writes:—"My patient was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, accompanied with Acute Constipation. I tried a number of remedies, but all failed. I then administered a dose of Osmos warmed, which produced the desired result within half an hour."

Another prominent physician reports that Osmos "has worked wonders with a patient suffering from Chronic Constipation."

Osmos gently assists nature and encourages the sluggish bowels to recover their healthy activity.

Osmos

The Great British
Aperient Water

Sold at all Chemists, Boot's Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White Ltd., 26 per bottle, or post free from Osmos, Crown Wharf, Hayes, Middlesex.

Booklet B gives full particulars of Osmos.
Send a Postcard.



Doctor Advised MELLIN'S

The Doctor advised Mellin's Food for this baby girl because she "was gradually wasting away." Although she was poorly from birth, at the age of 8 months she weighed 19 lbs. "This is the happy result for which we shall always be grateful," says her mother.

Mothers of weakly children have cause to be grateful if they rear them on Mellin's Food. Mellin's, prepared as directed, supplies all the nourishment needed for rearing children to sturdy growth, and is easily digested by the weakest and youngest baby.

Mellin's Food

SAMPLES POSTAGE FREE.—Mellin's Food on receipt of 6d. stamps. Mellin's Food Biscuits on receipt of 6d. stamps. A valuable Handbook for Mothers will be sent free of all costs.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E. 15.

LADIES' NEWS.

I HAVE seldom encountered more blue noses and more impaired tempers than during the shopping hours of the early part of last week. No wonder! London was filthy and slippery; one plodded through a horribly permeating mixture of slush and snow; showers of filthy mud and salt were splashed on to one from passing motor traffic. Never in the almost man-less times of the war were the streets of the West End in such a deplorable condition. It was horribly bad for Christmas trade, for those who had ventured forth to shop decided not to do it again during the severe weather, and to order what they wanted by telephone. There was no fog; it was dry, if cold—excellent weather for shopping, if the pavements had been cleaned. I caught sight of the Queen alighting from a royal car, and doubtfully surveying an inch and a half depth of filth between her and a shop door.

Queen Alexandra prevailed upon her nephew and son-in-law, King Haakon of Norway, to promise to bring over her beloved grandson Prince Olaf, if possible, for Christmas, and so to make it possible for Queen Maud to prolong her visit over the festive season. Prince Olaf will be delighted, as he enjoys his visits to Sandringham immensely, and is great chums with our sailor Prince George, who is near his own age. Queen Alexandra is she-who-must-be-obeyed in the Royal Family. No one thinks of denying her anything she sets her heart on. Princess Margaret of Denmark will be of the Sandringham party, and a delightful member of it too. She is full of fun and good spirits, and is, as her mother was before her, very fascinating and clever. Her mother was a very great favourite with her sister-in-law, Queen Alexandra, who has always liked the Bourbon family.

The Countess of Minto has gone to Canada for the marriage of her son, the present Earl, to Miss Cook, daughter of the well-known Canadian financier. Lady Minto always says that her happiest years were those spent in the Dominion, and she will be delighted to revisit it, even though many of the associations must now be sad to her. Her great thrills, in the winters she spent there, were experienced when ice yachting on the great fresh-water frozen inland seas. She was up at Klondyke and washed gold, shot wild duck, and skated to her heart's content. She loved it all, and, going very quickly from there to India, did not at first like the extreme change. Later, she loved India too. Her youngest daughter, then not eighteen, was married,



AN ELEGANT EVENING DRESS.

Over a slip of white charmeuse falls an over-dress of white net heavily embroidered with scintillating jet in a leaf design.

Photograph by Shepstone.

in the Cathedral at Calcutta, to Lord Charles Mercer Nairne, the son of a former Viceroy. He was one of the early victims of the war, and his widow is now the wife of Major the Hon. John Astor, Parliamentary candidate for Dover, who was severely wounded and lost a leg in the war.

The Christmas Fair at the Royal Albert Hall for Dr. Barnardo's Homes was quite a gay event. The giant Christmas-trees, the dancing fairies, the Witches' Cauldron, and the Magic Cavern were all seasonable, and the great hall was a festive refuge from the tearing east wind. I saw a tiny Boy Scout salute the Duke of York very smartly, and present a gardenia with "From the Mayfair Flower Workers, Sir." The Duke took it and smiled; and Princess Alice, who was with his Royal Highness, laughed outright at the size—or lack of it—and smartness of the mite. The chocolate box presented to Princess Mary by pretty little Miss Joan Hawke, daughter of Mr. P. A. Hawke, was a specially attractive one. It had white velvet leaves outlined with silver all over the cover, and little ivory doves peeping out from among them. I expect they were very delicious chocolates to be in such a box! The heads of the Navy and Army Stalls were both, alas! absent through illness. Countess Beatty's place was taken by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Stanley and Miss Field; and that of Lady Wilson, the wife of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, by Viscountess Cantelupe. The Countess of Limerick was at the head of the Air Service Stall, and was very cordially greeted by the Duke of York, who was president of the stall. The Duchess of Rutland was there with Lady Diana Cooper. Priscilla Countess Annesley, looking very handsome in black, with a Chinese blue scarf and a black satin hat, was selling scent and soap and bath-salts, as were also Lady Sassoon and Lady Alexander, in black and silver. Princess Alice looked very pretty in a moleskin coat with a skunk collar, and a black dress and black satin hat trimmed with ospreys. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke was dressed in black charmeuse, the skirt pleated, fringed, and embroidered. A sable stole was worn, and a black hat. Lady Mond had all sorts of pretty things, and everyone who passed that way was pleased to spend at least half-a-crown on something not to be purchased elsewhere. Viscountess Erleigh and Miss Mary Mond were helping. The Countess of Huntingdon, in sables over purple, and wearing a purple feather toque, was there; and so was Cora Countess of Strathford. The Fair was a really live function, and I hope has made pots of money for one of the best of causes. A. E. L.

Simple and dainty dishes can be made from Green's Chocolate Mould, served with cream and fruit. Always in season, it is a nutritious and valuable food, packed under ideal conditions and in healthy surroundings. A booklet containing many recipes for cakes for afternoon teas and other delicacies will be forwarded post free, on application to Messrs. H. J. Green and Co., Ltd., Brighton.

URODONAL

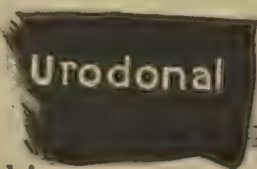
and GOUT

GOUT, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through excess of uric acid in the blood. Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore take steps to prevent the over-production of uric acid, and to eliminate the poison as fast as it is being formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris Academy of Medicine)

recommend URODONAL, which is thirty-seven times

more active than lithia as a solvent of uric acid. Urodonal is absolutely harmless to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys or other organs.



A MARTYR TO GOUT.



RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
GRAVEL.
CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
MIGRAINE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
ACIDITY.

Urodonal

cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints. It maintains the flexibility of the arteries and prevents Obesity.

Urodonal

is to Rheumatism and Gout what Quinine is to Fever.

Communication to the Academy of Medicine (Paris) (Nov. 10, 1908).
Communication to the Academy of Sciences (Dec. 14, 1908).

URODONAL, price 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct post free, 12/9, from the sole British Agents, HEPPELLS, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Descriptive booklets sent post free on application.

ADAIR GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC

is wonderful for bracing and toning the skin and making it *fresh and fair*. Excellent wash for the eyelids, which can be made *firm and white* by its use.

Prices 6/6, 9/6, 12/6, and 24/-.

Consultations Free. Send for Book of Advice.

Registered

92, New Bond St., London, W. 5, Rue Cambon, Paris;

Phone: 3782 Gerrard. 23, East 56th St., New York.



Insure having Soft Smooth Hands All the Winter

Now so many ladies are doing a good deal of rough work about the house, it is a difficult matter to keep their Hands in a nice condition. If, however, they will get a bottle of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(as pre-war)

and well rub a little into their Hands after washing, they will soon find a wonderful improvement take place, as this will make and keep them beautifully soft and smooth, whatever work they may have to do.

TRY A BOTTLE.—We know you will be delighted with its effect! Bottles 1/6 & 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores all over the world.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA
ENGLAND.



Claudel-Hobson CARBURETTERS

GIVE
**MAXIMUM
EFFICIENCY
WITH
MINIMUM
CONSUMPTION**
ON PETROL OR BENZOL

H. M. HOBSON LIMITED
29 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD
LONDON S.W.1

MALOJA

Engadine—6000 feet
Near ST. MORITZ

ALL WINTER SPORTS

Maximum
Sunshine



First-class
Family Hotel

PALACE HOTEL

Under English Management.

G. FOXLEY, Manager.

MENTONE

The Seaside Mountain Resort.

10 minutes from Monte Carlo.

40 minutes from Nice.

Casino Municipal, Theatre, Salles de Jeux, Dancing, etc. Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Tennis, Croquet, Golf, Enchanting Excursions, Exquisite Scenery, Great Attractions, Delightful Surroundings.

FINEST COUNTRY AND CLIMATE IN EUROPE.

For all particulars please apply to the Syndicat d'Initiative—

MENTON ALPES MARITIMES.

MENTONE GD. HOTEL NATIONAL.

Position. Full South. High. Good English Clientèle. Renowned Cuisine.

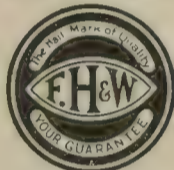
Extremely Comfortable and Spacious.
Fine Garden. Best
CAPITAINE SCHIRER.



Ask for
C 591a.

Nearly 500
Branches in
England

Post Free to places where
we have no branch. Foreign
orders must include postage



"Savoy" Reg.
Footwear in Perfection for
Winter Days.

"Savoy" models for Ladies have been constructed on strictly hygienic principles, and will be found perfect in every detail. Their excellent fitting and shape-retaining qualities cannot but ensure the greatest amount of satisfaction to the wearer. Supplied in a choice variety of new and distinctive styles. Price 45/6

We have also "Savoy" Boots for Gentlemen. Price 53/9

Freeman, Hardy & Willis Ltd.,
Head Office & Warehouse, Rutland St. Leicester.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10s. d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10s. d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

All Chemists,
4/2 & 8/4



GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.
MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., LTD.
19, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.

ALL

Travelling Overseas should
avoid discomfort from

SEA SICKNESS

MOTHERSILL'S SEA-SICK REMEDY is invaluable. It POSITIVELY PREVENTS & CURES SEA, AIR, & TRAIN SICKNESS. No bad after-effects.

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND. VIA NEWHAVEN & DIEPPE.

Daily (Sundays included).

VILLARS
LAUSANNE
VEVEY
MONTREUX
LUCERNE
CHATEAU D'OEX
CAUX

From VICTORIA (L.B. & S.C.R.) 10.0 daily. Through bookings and baggage registration. Seats can be reserved on payment of a fee. Passports indispensable.

Particulars from Continental Traffic Agent, Brighton Railway, Victoria Station, S.W. 1.

MENTON ANGLAIS

Hotel des

The Leading English Hotel.

EVERY COMFORT. SEA FRONT.

Motor-Car Service. Tennis. Motor Boat.

WINTER SPORTS in the PYRENEES

The Grand Hotel (de Luxe) FONT ROMEU

(5000 ft.)

First opening of Winter Season, Dec. 20th, 1920. Luxurious Hotel, Skating, Skiing, Curling and Tobogganing. Extensions to Barcelona (Spain) and the Riviera.

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS, LTD., 176, Fleet Street.



BRITISH JUMPERS

Going to MÜRREN (Switzerland)
will buy

JUMPERS, SPORT-
GARMENTS, etc., at

The BRITISH JUMPER,
A BRITISH SHOP AT MÜRREN.

"The Magic of Islam."

ALGERIA & MOROCCO

One month's MOTOR EXCURSION in
North Africa.

MARSEILLES, Algiers, Oran, Tlemcen, Fez, Meknes, Rabat, Marrakech, Casablanca BORDEAUX or Vice-Versa.

Inclusive Fares: Steamers, Motor-Cars, Company's Own Hotels.

Full Particulars from ANY TOURIST AGENCY or

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 5th, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

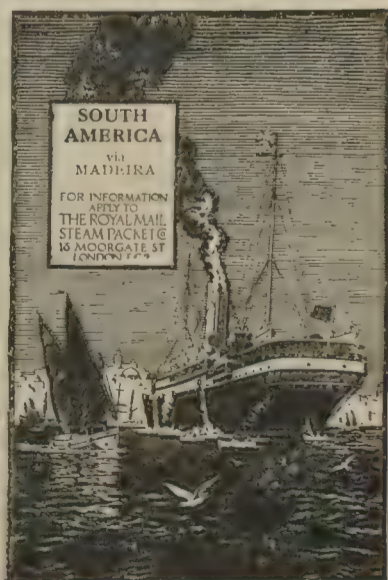


ANCHOR LINE

PASSENGER & FREIGHT SERVICES

Glasgow, New York, Boston, Glasgow, Liverpool and Gibraltar, Egypt, Bombay, Italian Ports and New York.

ANCHOR LINE.
Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dundee, London, Londonderry



SOUTH
AMERICA
via
MADEIRA

FOR INFORMATION
APPLY TO
THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET CO.
16 MOORGATE ST.
LONDON E.C. 4.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD



SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON W.C. 2.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Coming
"First."

On January 1 the motorist becomes liable to the new rate of taxation of £1 per unit of horse power, plus whatever disabilities and restrictions will be imposed by the regulations of the Ministry of Transport, under the powers to be conferred by the Roads Bill—if that very deservedly unpopular measure should have become law in the meantime. At the moment there seems to be quite a chance that it will not get through Parliament in time. It has not passed the Committee stage in the Commons yet, though it will have done so by the time these lines are printed. The Lords will have to pass it then, and, judging from the fate of the Ministry of Health Bill, their Lordships are not in the mood to pass hurried legislation under threat of the big stick. The Roads Bill and its schedules are of so controversial a character that there is quite a chance of the Bill being sent back so amended that the Government will not accept it, or of it being thrown out altogether until there shall be sufficient time to discuss it properly. If anything of the sort should happen, it will not, of course, make any difference to the taxation. That was embodied in the Finance Act, and stands, whatever the fate of the Roads Bill.

Now that the Government's proposals are fully understood, there is quite an outcry against them from among the motoring community. There is some talk of organising a passive resistance movement against the registration book, and the carrying of the licence card in the "prescribed position" on the car.

Personally, I can see no objection whatever to the registration book, which is really a sort of title-deed to the car, especially in conjunction with the registered number and the licence card. Nor do I mind carrying the licence card on the car. What I do most vehemently object to is being compelled to stick it on the panel of the near side door, or on a bracket on the windscreen support, in order that every passer-by may see at a glance whether I have paid my tax or not. I fail utterly to see why the motorist

should be singled out as the one possible evader of taxes, and be made to show his *bona fides* as he progresses along the highway. Why not the brougham and the dog-cart as well, if we are to be logical? If the Minister of Transport will agree that the licence card may be carried merely on the car, to be produced on demand to the proper authority, I do not think he will find much opposition to the book and card business

for the fact that the taxation authorities have not even got the application forms ready yet! It is said that these will be available at the post-offices before Christmas, but I should say it is extremely unlikely that they will be obtainable at all branch offices until well into January.

Further, the final regulations under what the Ministry fondly hopes will be the Roads Act, will not be ready before the first week of the New Year; and it is, of course, obvious that even the Transport Minister cannot expect us to obey regulations which have no existence in fact.



AT FLADBURY MILL AND FERRY IN THE VALE OF EVESHAM: AN 11-9 BEAN.

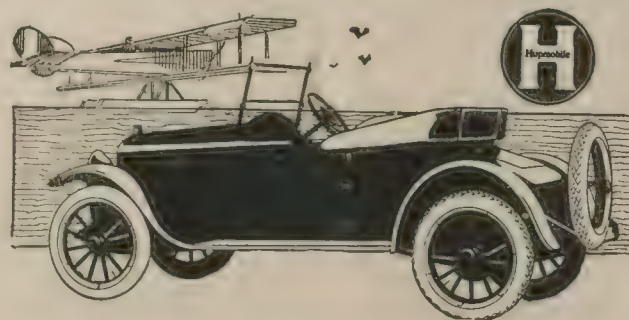
A Month's
Grace.

It is stated on official authority that we are to be given a month's grace in the matter of the new taxes, and the fixing on of the licence card. Lest that should be construed into a sudden change of heart on the part of Sir Eric Geddes and his satellite, it may be said at once that this period of grace is for this occasion only—it will not be granted in future years, and would not have been now had it not been for the delay in getting the Roads Bill passed, and

What We May
Come To!

A correspondent of one of the Northern daily newspapers thinks that many accidents are caused through faulty brakes on cars. He wants to know if it would not be possible to appoint a motor engineer in each town under the Hackney Carriage Department, with power to inspect the brakes of every vehicle periodically. He further wants to know if it could not be made a criminal offence to take out a car whose brakes are not in proper order. I wonder if this idea has occurred to the Ministry of Transport or not? The opportunity of adding a few more to the officials who will draw sustenance out of the Road Fund seems to be too good to be missed. The suggestion is capable of infinite extension. Why not inspectors of radiators, and why not make it an offence to take out a car with a water leak? We must economise, even in water, and the few thousands a year it would cost to enforce it would be well spent. In case any responsible official of the Transport Ministry should be inclined to take the suggestion seriously, may I explain that, as Artemus Ward would have said, it is "writ sarkastik"?

There may be a few cars whose brake adjustments are not all they should be, but they are comparatively rare, because no car-owner wants to risk his own safety and that of his vehicle, to say nothing of that of the public at large. Nine times out of ten, car brakes are right, and all the officials in Whitehall cannot make the tenth careless person careful.—W. W.



The experience of Hupmobile owners shows that in the important item of tyre mileage the Hupmobile stands exceptionally well. The Hupmobile displays the same saving traits in the use of petrol and oil; and costly or extended repairs—barring accident—are practically unknown to the average owner.

Brief Specifications.

Body Types—Five-seater touring-car, two-seater roadster.

Wheelbase—112 inches (2.84 m.)

Cylinders—Four, cast *en bloc*, removable head, 3½ ins. bore by 5½ ins. stroke. 83 x 104 mm.

Starting and Lighting—Electric—two-unit system.

Ignition—High-tension Magneto.

Carburettor—Adjustable.

Fuel System—Vacuum feed.

Lubrication—Pressure system with pump.

Clutch—Dry disc type—7 plates.

Tyres—815 x 105 mm. clincher or 32 ins. x 4 ins. straight side. Demountable rims.

Wheels—Wooden (Artillery type).

Colour—Blue or grey body.

WHITING, LTD.,

334-340, Euston Road, London, N.W. 1.

Hupmobile

AUSTIN

ELECTRIC HOUSE LIGHTING PLANT

It looks after itself.

The Austin House-lighting and power plant is self-starting, self-regulating and self-stopping. It particularly meets the needs of householders in districts where public electric supplies are not available.

A large storage battery is used in connection with the plant. In the event of fuel running out, the battery will "carry on."

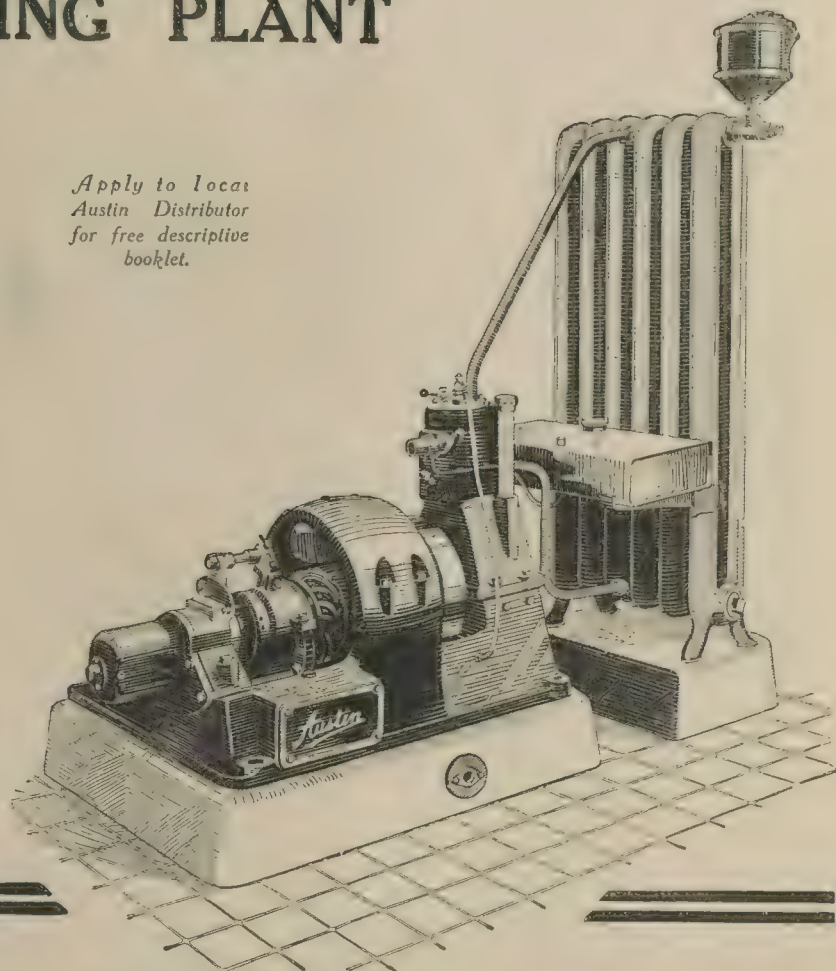
The reputation of the Austin Motor Co. is such that you can rely implicitly on the standard of workmanship maintained throughout.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.

Electrical Dept. :

NORTHFIELD - - BIRMINGHAM.

Apply to local
Austin Distributor
for free descriptive
booklet.



SMITH'S LICENCE HOLDERS

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Compulsory by law after January 1st, 1921. Can be screwed on the wind-screen or any other prominent near-side position on the vehicle.

Having ascertained that the oblong model is unnecessary, and the round model being a much neater and practical form, we have discontinued the manufacture of the oblong model. The models we now offer are :

STANDARD CIRCULAR MODEL
as supplied by us to Scotland Yard for all their Cars, Cycles and Vans,

BRASS 7/6 (For Cars or Motor Cycles) NICKEL 8/6
Cheaper Quality : Brass 5/- ; Nickel 6/-

Be sure to ask for the Smith Motor Licence Holder at your garage, or send direct to :-

S. Smith & Sons (M.A.) Ltd.
179-185, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone : Mayfair 6350. Telegrams : "Speedomet, London."

Write for copy of "Roadcraft" giving details of the Smith Equipment (comprising Speedometers, Clocks, Starting and Lighting Systems, M.L. Magnets, K.L.G. Plugs, etc., etc.)



Very solidly constructed, and specially finished for high-class Cars, Lorries and Cycles.

8 h.p. ROVER

"By its good paces, economy in operation, comfortable suspension and hill-climbing powers, the car became very securely enthroned in its owner's affections . . . the average consumption of fuel has been 43 miles to the gallon. Oil consumption is between 800 and 900 miles to the gallon."

The Autocar, Dec. 4, 1920

Models	8 h.p. Two-Seater	£300
ana	12 h.p. Two-Seater	£735
Prices	12 h.p. Four-Seater	£775
	12 h.p. Coupe - -	£875

For complete specification write
The Rover Co., Ltd.
Coventry

AND AT
59a, NEW OXFORD ST., London, W.C.1
LORD EDWARD ST. DUBLIN

Why not give
packets of MELTIS
as Christmas
presents ?

MELTIS CHOCOLATE

PLAIN and MILK

Made by
PEEK FREAN.

Sold everywhere.



"It melts in
the mouth."

Light
Weight
means
LOW
running
COSTS

The Complete Standard
Car weighs less than
17 cwt.



The All British
Standard
Light Four - Seater Car

Specially designed for the Owner-Driver.

Send your name and address for full particulars.
The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms : 49, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY

POMPOSITY is surely personified in the strutting, frascible turkey. Nevertheless, he is a bird held in high regard among us. This much is attested by the important place accorded him in our Christmas feasts—not that this would afford the poor bird much satisfaction could he be made cognisant of our attitude towards him while still "in the flesh!" But few of us, probably, ever think of comparing the turkey as he appears before us, all shaven and shorn, and deliciously browned, on the Christmas dinner-table, with the turkey in his "pride."

That the turkey, after the cook has transformed it into meat "such as our soul loveth," is good to contemplate; that thus transformed he contributes very materially to our physical well-being, no one will deny. Yet our devotion to the turkey must not be allowed to begin and end here. For it is sad to think that, during life, this bird, to which we must admit we owe so much, has been shockingly neglected.



IN THE FIRST OF THE INTERNMENT CAMPS IN IRELAND: "SINN FEINERS" COVERING THEIR HEADS WITH TOWELS (SO THAT THEIR FACES MAY NOT SHOW IN THE PHOTOGRAPH) WHILE MARCHING IN TO DINNER.

The first of several camps for the internment of Irish revolutionaries is that at Ballykinier, on the County Down coast. The men interned are quartered in Army huts.

Photograph by Topical

For the most part, we have made him a subject of derision. His "fussiness" affords us a subject for mirth, his vanity—rivalling that of the peacock—a theme for moralising. Nevertheless, his "parades" present problems which even the most scientific ornithologists among us have not solved, nay, it would seem have not even suspected. The general aspect of his strange antics—the upraised plumage, the great wheel-like tail, mincing gait, and the play of colour which flashes over his scarlet face and neck are familiar enough. They are the weapons of Love's armoury, and as such have been analysed, catalogued and classified as so many "secondary sexual characters," evolved by "sexual selection"—a term which has still an unstable interpretation.

Of the unknown elements in this collection of "secondary sexual characters," two call for very special mention. The first of these concerns that strange, fleshy wattle seated just over the base of the beak. What governs its mysterious and rapid changes of form? From a small, fleshy tubercle, it will suddenly grow out into a long, pendant, worm-like excrescence, crossing one side of, and half-concealing, the beak, and then, as suddenly, it will shrink to its former insignificance. By what means is this astonishing trick performed? No one, so far as I know, has ever made it his business to find out. But since these changes are accompanied by the most wonderful changes of hue all over the naked and vividly-coloured head and neck, which are precisely comparable on the one hand to pallor, and on the other to blushing, we may assume, fairly certainly, that the waxing and waning of this nasal ornament are matters of blood supply. This ornament, indeed, is a sort of Love's barometer. When ardour surges up, till it can scarce be contained within the frail body, then the responsive wattle becomes filled with blood, and tense. As the paroxysm passes, so the wattle wanes. One can imagine such changes of form effected by means of the alternate injection and withdrawal of air, for many such ornaments among birds are pneumatic, but the evidence as a whole does not support the pneumatic theory. The South American bell-bird has no less than three such beak-wattles,

and these, when pumped full of blood, stand out like three great darning-needles, one straight up, the other two on each side of the beak.

And now we may pass to what may well be called the "sporran" of the turkey. This is that strange tuft of coarse, black bristles which stands out so conspicuously from the fore-part of the breast. The more one stops to consider this, the more does the mystery of its existence assert itself. No one seems ever to have examined these "bristles" for the purpose of discovering their true character and probable origin; nor does anyone seem ever to have attempted to discover whether they play any part in courting antics.

Those who breed turkeys tell us strange tales of their fecundation. But these, again, have never been made the subject of the dissecting-knife and the microscope, and it is high time that this piece of research was undertaken. There can be no doubt, then, that the turkey provides us with food for the mind as well as for the body. W. P. PYCRAFT.



INSCRIBED IN FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND DUTCH: A BRONZE TABLET IN AMIENS CATHEDRAL TO SOUTH AFRICANS WHO FELL IN THE WAR. The late General Botha and his wife, while visiting French battlefields, planned this memorial. The tablet was designed and made by the Artificers' Guild, Conduit Street, London, W.

Photograph by Cooper and Humphreys.



THE fine cigarette is the product of the blender's skill working on the leaf selected by him from the picked crop. Neither alone suffices. And taste is the test. High skill in blending is a very

rare gift. The blender bewails a certain modern carelessness in choice, an uncritical acceptance of crude quality. He challenges from true connoisseurs the most exacting test-by-taste of

MATINÉE Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by **ALLAN RAMSAY**

WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?

In a review of the Olympia Motor Show exhibits which appeared on November 4, Mr. W. H. Berry, who is the Motoring Editor of the "Daily Dispatch," Editor of the "Car," and Motoring Editor of the "Evening Standard," wrote as follows:—

My notebook for 1920 contains test-run impressions of nearly one hundred cars, some considerable percentage of which have been recorded from time to time in the *Daily Dispatch*, and I have been regarding my records most carefully in order to answer that ever-recurring question: "What is the best Car?"

For the average British owner, probably the most popular car of all is the medium-weight, medium-powered chassis, which sells at a moderate price, in which every farthing of unnecessary running cost has been eliminated, and which is so built that it will go on running for tens of thousands of miles without involving the owner in repair expenses. Within these limits it thus becomes possible to say that the best all-round car for the average owner has a four-cylinder engine of about 12-16 h.p., with a sound suspension system, and a transmission which, without being unorthodox in any way, has marks of individual genius that lift it above the other cars in its class. I know of no six-cylinder chassis with a sufficiently low fuel consumption to make it a universally popular car.

A Personal Opinion.

Taking everything into consideration, bearing in mind the factory behind the car, together with the service and other facilities offered, and the design and material used, I have no hesitation in casting my vote for the 16 h.p. four-cylinder Talbot-Darracq. One does not arrive at a decision of this importance lightly, and if there were any doubt in my mind as to which car was entitled to the honour, I should avoid the question altogether.

After the most exhaustive examination into the relative "value-for-money" of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia motor show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing "value-for-money."

The price at which the chassis is now sold—£650—is the greatest proof that it would only be possible to build such a chassis at such a price in a factory having the advantage of the most perfect modern equipment, and producing in numbers sufficient to bring the cost down to such a reasonable figure.

The reasons in favour of the Talbot-Darracq can be given simply enough.

During the War, the French Government used thousands of these engines in the most trying and strenuous work, and they proved to be perfectly satisfactory in every respect. After practically eight years of the most trying service, the only improvements possible touch on lubrication details and increased efficiency with reduced weight.

Sheer Value.

One notes here and there the individual marks of genius that make all the difference between ordinary good work and excellence. The four-speed gear-box also remains practically unaltered, its chief features being generous bearings, sturdy shafts, and scientifically contoured teeth.

In front the springs are of the semi-elliptic type, but a big improvement has been made by fitting big cantilever-type springs to take the weight at the back. Good springing means reduced wear-and-tear, as I suppose the Darracq Company found out with the thousands of cars they have had at work for years on the rough, war-bitten French roads. The petrol tank is now housed at the back of the chassis, the feed being on the vacuum system, a spare wheel and tyre are included with the standard equipment, while a complete C. A. Vandervell electric-lighting set with five lamps, switchboards, dynamo and accumulators, and a positive gear-drive, C.A.V. engine-starter, complete the electric layout.

This improved chassis on sheer value stands so far ahead of all others in its class that its success of 1920 should be doubled and rather more in 1921.

With so much pessimism about in regard to the motor trade generally, it is certainly gratifying to find that one of the most financially successful concerns in the motor industry is able to place a high-class engineering job as is represented by the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq on the market at such a reasonable price, and I am not in the least surprised to hear that the entire output for 1921 has been contracted for already by the English agents. This 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is good enough for a millionaire, and economical enough for a poor man.

TALBOT-DARRACQ

150, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.

The demand
for really good
chocolates is
increasing

Those who appreciate
quality ask—

Are they
Rowntree's?

"THE STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE"

Winter Sports

BURBERRY MODELS

represent the most up-to-date ideas of experts who have had unrivalled experience in sport on snow and ice.

They are designed to ensure perfect freedom of movement in the most practical, graceful and protective forms.

BURBERRY MATERIALS

are invariably chosen by Arctic explorers as being the most effective safeguards for withstanding intense cold and wind.

Burberry Cloths for Winter Sport are specially woven and proofed to resist penetration by wet and are finished with smooth surfaces to which snow does not cling.

Burberrys' Half-Price Sale

DECEMBER AND JANUARY

Men's, Women's and Children's Suits, Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Underwear, Outfitting, Nightwear, also PIECE SILKS at Half Usual Prices.

Write for Men's and Women's Half-Price Sale List.



Burberry Model 1499.

Tobogganing Suit in Burberry Gabardine, consisting of coat, breeches and short skirt. Double-fronted coat with belt made to tie.

Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns on request.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON S.W. 1
8 & 10 Boulevard Malesherbes PARIS; also Provincial Agents

Burberrys Limited.

HEDGES & BUTLER Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.
From per doz. From per doz.
SHERRY - 54/- BURGUNDY - 54/-
PORT - 72/- CHABLIS - 48/-
CLARET - 42/- MOSELLE - 48/-
SAUTERNE 48/- CHAMPAGNE 168/-
BRANDY, WHISKEY, RUM, GIN, etc.
New Wine Lists on application.
153, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1
Brighton and Bournemouth.

Dennison's



68 What Next ?

Christmas presents, in Dennison's boxes, tied with gay ribbons, and labelled with our cheerful tags and seals, reflect the true Christmas spirit.
Write to Dennison Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Dept. 7, Kingsway, London.

A GOOD TYRE DESERVES THE BEST OF VALVES!



SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TYRE VALVE IS THE PERFECT AIR-RETAINER

A. SCHRADER & SONS, INC.
Victoria Rd., Willesden Junc.
London, N.W. 10
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TYRE-PRESSURE GAUGE

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Telegrams:
Batbchair,
Wesdo,
London.

CARTERS
(J. & A. CARTER) LTD

Phone:
Mayfair
1040.

"The Alleviation of Human Pain."

By
Appointment.

Self-Propelling Chairs

IN EVERY VARIETY.

Self-propelling Chairs and Hand-Tricycles for in or out-door use. Of distinctive construction and unexampled durability.

These Chairs are illustrated, with prices, in Sectional Catalogue No. 4.

If further interested, please ask for Modern Comfort Furniture, the standard work of reference for all Invalids and Comfort Lovers (600 illustrations).



EVERYTHING FOR THE
DISABLED OR INVALID.

2, 4 & 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W.1.



Obtainable of all
Wine Merchants

Sole Agents:-

The Alsace Lorraine Development & Trading Co., Ltd.,
PINNERS HALL, OLD BROAD ST., E.C. 2.

FRENCH RHINE WINES from ALSACE

FIVE ESTATES

Chateau de Ribeaupierre
Chateau d'Andlau
Chateau des Trois Villages
Clos des Vosges
Clos Ste. Odile

ALL WINES ARE TESTED IN ALSACE by a Special Tasting Commission appointed by the Joint Syndicates of ALSATIAN WINE GROWERS. The Tricolour Necklabel with the HEAD of the ALSATIAN GIRL is on every genuine bottle.

Myers' Silver Series

"The Pens that Glide"
SMOOTHEST AND BEST



In 18 STYLES to suit every hand

Send for Sample Set
9d from all Stationers
or 11d Post free
from Sole Makers

M. MYERS & SON, LTD.
80 Charlotte Street,
BIRMINGHAM.

Culleton's Heraldic Office

92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Arms and Pedigrees of English and Foreign Families.

Genealogical Researches in Public Records.

PEDIGREES ENGROSSED AND EMBLAZONED.

Seals, Rings, Dies, Book-plates (ex-libris) Engraved.
ARMORIAL STAINED GLASS. MEMORIAL TABLETS.

Sketches and Designs for all purposes.



Lt. - Col. RICHARDSON
(late of Harrow),

AIRE DALES

TRAINED COMPANIONS,

HOUSE PROTECTION, etc.

from 10 Gns. PUPS 7 Gns.

Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.

30 minutes from City, G.E.R.

Tel.: 52 Broxbourne.

Reduction in Price of Pianos and Gramophones.

CRAMER PIANOS

The Finest Instruments Obtainable.

For Cash, Hire System,
or Ordinary Hire.

ADVANTAGEOUS PRICES.

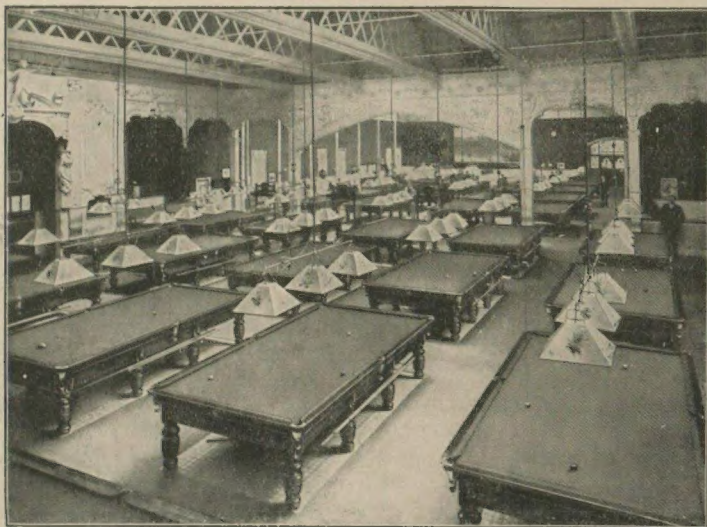
H.M.V. GRAMOPHONES
and others in great variety
Every record kept in stock.



SMALLEST GRAND.

J. B. CRAMER & Co., Ltd.,

139, New Bond Street, W.1.; 46, Moorgate Street, E.C.2; 130, Kensington High Street, W.8.



The Empire Billiard Hall, Ardwick Green, Manchester, containing 40 Billiard Tables, various designs. Fitted throughout by E. J. Riley Ltd.

THE ideal conditions under which Billiards—the King of Indoor Games—can now be played is effectively demonstrated above.

Billiards is a fascinating, skilful and helpful recreation, and given conditions that are clean and healthy there is no better indoor game.

If there is a suitable building vacant in your district, write to Riley's who will send one of their experts to consult and advise you on the matter. The size of the room does not matter, for a small room can be made as attractive as a large one when fitted by

RILEY'S OF ACCRINGTON.

Orders for new tables, or repairs of every description, are executed very promptly by trained and reliable workmen. Estimates sent free for re-modelling and re-covering cushions, re-building tables, etc.

Write for price list of Billiard Tables
suitable for Clubs, Hotels, Hydros,
Billiard Halls, etc.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Hamilton Works, ACCRINGTON.
London Showroom: 147, Aldersgate St., E.C. 3.

Vaseline Camphor Ice

For Chapped Rough Skin

Softens and Improves
the Skin Texture.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONS)

42 HOLBORN VIADUCT,
LONDON, E.C.1.

TRADE MARK
Vaseline
CAMPBOR ICE
AN EXQUISITE TOILET ARTICLE
of superior quality
FOR CHAPPED AND ROUGH SKIN, HANDS, LIPS, ETC.
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(CONSOLIDATED)
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Of all chemists





**FOR
GOODNESS
SAKE
EAT**

PAT-A-CAKE

REGD.

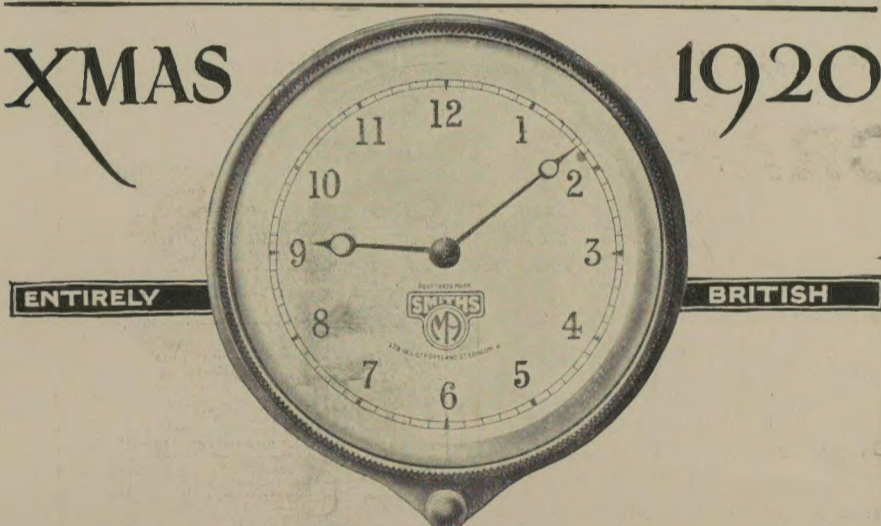
—and other **BISCUITS** made by

PEEK FREAN.



XMAS

1920



The Ideal Gift for the Motorist.
**SMITH'S
BEZEL WIND CLOCK**

No key required—by simply rotating the bezel on the outer edge of the clock it can be wound up in a few seconds. Fitted with a high-class 8-day English Lever Movement. Every clock guaranteed—any clock failing from any cause exchanged free per return. Brass, Black or Nickel finish. Flush or Bracket Fitting.

Price **£5 5 0** each.

Write for Catalogue "A A" to

S. SMITH & SONS (M.A.), LTD.,
179-185, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.
Branches at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Belfast.
Telephone: Mayfair 6350. Telegrams: "Speedomet, London."

FITTED AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON ALL LEADING BRITISH CARS



TO maintain and regain strength and "resistance-power," Glaxo is the food of foods—all the rich nutriment of milk and cream, by the Glaxo process made readily digestible and more intensely nourishing.

Its freedom from risk of contagion is also of the first importance when vitality is low. Either as a liquid milk (adaptable in strength to the patient's need) or as the basis of many dainty and sustaining invalid dishes.

Ask your Doctor!

Glaxo

The Super-Milk

FOR EVERY MILK PURPOSE

Send 4d. stamps for the Glaxo Recipe Book, containing over 160 carefully-selected recipes, which are particularly useful to those who have to cater for invalids and convalescents. In addition, we will send you without extra charge, a **SPECIAL RECIPE BOOK**, giving 25 ways of serving Glaxo without the addition of cereals, and two booklets entitled "WHAT IS GLAXO?" and "THE PROBLEM OF OUR MILK SUPPLY." Write, enclosing 4d. stamps, to

GLAXO (Dept. 23) 155, GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W. 1.

Proprietors: Joseph Nathan & Co. Ltd., London & New Zealand.

CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN: AN "OVERFLOW" LIST.

SEVERAL attractive books were omitted, for lack of space, from our previous notices. One, "The Land of the Ever Young" (S.P.C.K.), by Rosamund Langbridge, illustrated by F. D. Bedford, reminds us somewhat of "The Water Babies," being told in a style at once imaginative, instructive, and amusing. "Fair Folk of Many Lands," by Agnes M. Papé, illustrated by Frank C. Papé (S.P.C.K.), is a collection of short legends from different countries. Two long tales suitable for girls are "Roseleen at School," by May Wynne (Cassell), and "The Mystery of Barwood Hall," by Olivia Fowell (Harrap), both illustrated by Savile Lumley. Another for younger readers is "Betty and Bobtail at Pinetree Farm," by Lilian Gask, illustrated by Helen Jacobs (Harrap). Diminutive, but rich in fun, is "Amelianne and the Green Umbrella," by Constance Heward, illustrated by Susan Beatrice Pearce (Harrap). Small again but equally comic is "Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred," their "lively" adventures, by "Uncle Dick" (B. J. L.), illustrated by A. B. Pane (Stanley Paul). No disciple of Sir Robert

Baden-Powell should be left without a copy of "The Scout's Book: A Book for Boys of All Sizes and All Ages," edited by Bernard Everett (Pearson). "Little Folks," the Magazine for Boys and Girls, edited by Herbert Williams (Cassell), seems smaller than usual, but full as ever of good reading and illustrations.

"IT'S ALL WRONG," AT THE QUEEN'S.

IT is good to have Miss Elsie Janis, with her vivacity and infectious humour, back on the London stage in revue, and, with Royalty gracing the occasion, her start in management at the Queen's had an excellent send-off. Moreover, friends rallied to her support behind as well as before the footlights, among her colleagues being her old associate Mr. Stanley Lupino and the Palace Girls, while on the musical side of her enterprise she could count on the services of Mr. Herman Finck. But it is permissible to think that the clever actress has attempted to do a little too much in being not only the "star" of her entertainment, but also its librettist, songwriter, and producer. So long as she herself is on the stage, matters, far from being "all wrong," are all

right, and no one could wish for a more spirited rendering of songs, more exhilarating dancing, or more apt burlesque than she provides. But she has not quite enough ideas to share all round with her company, so that they may hold the fort of fun in her occasional absences. Hence, though Mr. Lupino is fairly well looked after, being delightfully droll as usual, and the Palace Girls dance with all their customary *brio*, there are moments when one misses the hand of the trained librettist, and even now Miss Janis would probably do well to call in a collaborator.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 18s. 9d.
Six Months, £1 8s. 2d.; or including Christmas Number, £1 10s. 7d.
Three Months, 14s. 1d.; or including Christmas Number, 16s. 6d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9s. 3d.; or including Christmas Number, £1 11s. 8d.
Three Months, 14s. 7d.; or including Christmas Number, 17s. 0d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 11s. 5d.; or including Christmas Number, £1 13s. 10d.
Three Months, 15s. 9d.; or including Christmas Number, 18s. 2d.



When
out of
sorts—
Benger's
Food.

Not ill, but not well.
Food disagreeing—nerves
jangled. This is the time
when a change of diet, a
rest from the ordinary food
for a few days, will work
wonders.

Benger's Food gives the
needful digestive rest with
complete nourishment.

You prepare

BENGER'S Food

with fresh new milk. It is
dainty, light and satisfying,
being the most highly
nutritious of foods. It soothes
internal distress, is the food
most easy to assimilate, and the
most interesting to prepare.

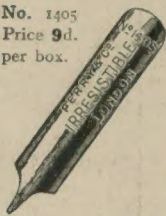
Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists,
etc., everywhere. Prices 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d.

THE BOOKLET OF BENGER'S FOOD
contains dainty recipes which give
relief from the sameness of milk
and similar diet. These are so light
as to give nourishment with diges-
tive rest. Post free on request from

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works Manchester.
New York: 91, Beekman St.
SYDNEY: 117, Pitt St. Deposits throughout CANADA.

Perry TESTED Pens

No. 1405
Price 9d.
per box.



THE IRRESISTIBLE

A most delightful pen
for smooth, easy writing.
Made of yellow metal.

NON-CORROSIVE.

Equally suit-
able for Ladies
and Gentlemen.

Assorted sam-
ple box contain-
ing 24 Perry
Tested Pens,
9d. from all
Stationers or
post free
11d. from—



PERRY & Co., Ltd., 49, Old Bailey, E.C.4.

GENERAL SIR G. GREAVES G.C.B., &C.,
After Twenty Years experience of
"PINELYPTUS" PASTILLES writes:

"I cannot absolutely be without them."
FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH, COUGH.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal)

FOR VOICE, THROAT, CHEST.

Act like a charm.

A boon to Speakers, Singers, Teachers, Travellers.

Recommended by
MME. SARAH BERNHARDT, MISS ELLEN TERRY,
SIR HENRY IRVING, MISS JULIA NEILSON,
CARDINAL VAUGHAN, SIR CHARLES SANTLEY,
AND THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

Sold by
Chemists & Stores
1/3
per box.



Free from
Narcotics.
Harmless to the
Stomach.
Safeguard against
cold.

"PINELYPTUS" is Registered at Home and Abroad.
PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS D. POT. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Agencies in U.S.A., Norway, France, Japan, Egypt, etc.

OVERCOATS, SUITS TURNED LADIES' COSTUMES

"Just like New." Don't delay—send along
at once to WALTER CURRALL & CO.,
6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London.

Beware of Imitations. Established 1903.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer
from Asthma,
Catarrh
or ordinary
Colds, you
will find
nothing to
equal

HIMROD'S
CURE FOR
ASTHMA
AT ALL
CHEMISTS
4s. 3d. a tin



DRYAD METAL WORK.

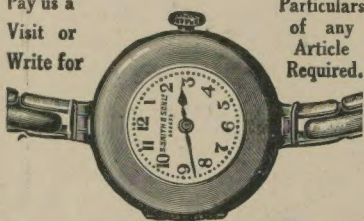
Hand-beaten Bronze Bowls for Flowers,
Fruit or Nuts, 9 in. diam. £1 : 8 : 0
Carr. pd. in United Kingdom. Other
designs on application. Also makers of
Memorial Tablets, Architectural Metal
Work, etc. Dryad Works, 17 Dept.,
Leicester.

WATCHMAKERS ESTD. 1851 "SMITHS"

are the Holders of one of the
Largest and Finest Stocks of
Pocket and Wrist Watches and
Jewellery of all descriptions.

Pay us a
Visit or
Write for

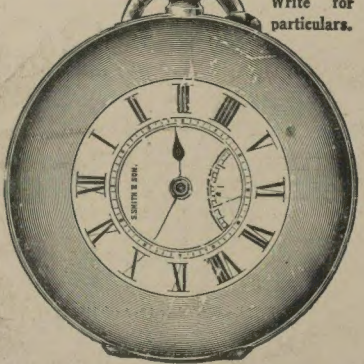
Particulars
of any
Article
Required.



Very Fine Quality, Fully Jewelled Lever Move-
ment, Fully Compensated, Tined in Positions,
Heavy cases with best Expanding Band, 18-ct. or
9-ct. Gold throughout from £10 10 0
With Silk Band instead of Gold Bracelet 7 15 0
18-ct. Gold throughout from £17 17 0
With Silk Band instead of Gold Bracelet 15 15 0

We still have a limited supply of
our celebrated Allies Gent's Wrist-
let Watches with Unbreakable
Glass at £3-3-0 £4-4-0 £5-5-0.

Highest Honours National Physical Laboratory.
Watches in Stock from £3 : 3 : 0 to £500 : 0 : 0
Write for particulars.



18-ct. Gent's Demi-Hunter Watch	£31 10 0
9-ct. " " " "	17 17 0
18-ct. " " Open Face " "	25 0 0
9-ct. " " " "	15 15 0
Silver " " Demi-Hunter " "	6 15 0
" " " " Open Face " "	5 5 0

S. SMITH & SON LTD. ESTD. 1851
HOLDERS OF 6 ROYAL WARRANTS.
WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.
6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.

OH! THE CONVENIENCE OF IT :

LIGHT YOUR FIRES by GAS

AURORA FIRE LIGHTING BURNER

Avoid Expense & Trouble of Wood

A specially constructed
burner to fix in grate
bottom and connect to
house supply. Cheaper
than wood, infinitely
more convenient, and
less time. Simply place coal over burner and light gas. Lights
fire in from 8 to 10 mins., at a cost of 1/4d. as against 1d. for
bundle of wood. When fire not required burner always useful
for boiling & steaming. 2/6 each. If your ironmonger does not yet
stock, send also 1/10 postage and packing. Aurora Mfg. Co.,
23a, Strand, London, W.C. 2

less time. Simply place coal over burner and light gas. Lights
fire in from 8 to 10 mins., at a cost of 1/4d. as against 1d. for
bundle of wood. When fire not required burner always useful
for boiling & steaming. 2/6 each. If your ironmonger does not yet
stock, send also 1/10 postage and packing. Aurora Mfg. Co.,
23a, Strand, London, W.C. 2

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters
at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1

Mother is the Home Doctor

Almost daily she is confronted with a
little hospital work—cut fingers,
bruises, burns. She must be prepared
to take just the right remedial measure
promptly and for that reason should
always have Absorbine, Jr., at hand.

Absorbine, Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is a complete first-aid cabinet in itself.
It cleans and heals cuts, bruises, sores
and wounds. It kills germs and is a de-
pendable spray or gargle for sore throat.

It reduces swellings and
inflammation promptly and
gives quick relief from
aches and pains.

Absorbine, Jr., is a safe, clean,
efficient household necessity
for the busy mother—only a
few drops are required at an
application.

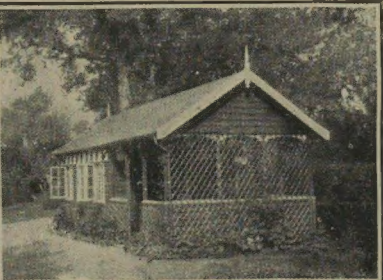
8/2, 12/- & 24/- a bottle,
at all Chemists or post free.

Sole Agents—
Thos. Christy & Co.,
4, Old Swan Lane,
London, E.C.4.

Hindes HAIR TINT for Grey or Faded Hair

Tints grey or faded hair any
natural shade desired—brown,
dark-brown, light-brown, or
black. It is permanent
and washable, has no
grease, and does not burn
the hair. It is used by
over three-quarters of a
million people. Medical
certificate accompanies
each bottle. It costs
2/6 the flask. Chemists
and Stores everywhere,
or direct—

HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.
Send a post card to-day for a copy of "Aids to the Boudoir."
It will be mailed to you entirely free of charge.



The Children's Den

Let the children play out of
doors yet under cover in this
healthy playhouse. Provides
shelter from cold winds and
wet. Ideal for study.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue, which
gives particulars of Portable Buildings.

BROWNE & LILLY, Ltd.,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
THAMES SIDE, READING.

BAILEY'S PUBLIC CLOCKS, WATCHMEN'S TELL-TALES, RECORDERS, TESTERS, &c.

Sir W. H. BAILEY & Co. Ltd., Albion Works, Salford.



Cuticura For All Skin Irritations

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water
to free the pores of impurities and follow
with a gentle application of Cuticura Oint-
ment to soothe and heal. They are ideal
for the toilet, as is also Cuticura Talcum
for perfuming.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. New-
berry & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.